McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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WASHINGTON TICKET CHOSEN LAST SATURDAY.

Progressive Pre-emptors are Given a Strong List.

DR. BENNINGHOFF FOR CONGRESS.

James G. Covey of Coudersport for State Senator—E. F. Knight of Bradford, and H. H. Redfield of Smethport, For Members of Assembly—This is The Ticket Named at Meeting.

At a meeting of Roosevelt supporters from various parts of the county, held Saturday afternoon at the court house, Smethport, it was unanimously decided to accept the recommendation of the Bradford Roosevelt and Johnson club that an entire Washington party ticket be placed before the voters of the Congressional, Senatorial and assembly districts.

The recommendation presented to the Washington party pre-emptors by Potter county representatives of James G. Covey, of Coudersport, for State Senator, was unanimously approved and the pre-emptors requested to have his name placed in nomination for that office.

On Monday evening James G. Covey, accompanied by Messrs. Carpenter, Heck and Stokes, of Coudersport, came over here and Mr. Covey fully defined his position on matters political and he was officially placed in nomination on the Washington party ticket.

A resolution was adopted instructing the secretary to notify the Washington party pre-emptors of this Congressional district that Dr. G. E. Benninghoff of Bradford is the choice of the Progressives of McKean county for the congressional nomination.

On motion of J. L. Ward, of Port Allegany, E. F. Knight, of Bradford, was unanimously chosen for member of assembly and recommended to the pre-emptors for nomination accordingly.

Upon request of the gentlemen present, Horace H. Redfield, of Smethport, appeared before them and after defining his position was unanimously recommended to the pre-emptors for the assembly nomination on the Washington party ticket.

Guy B. Mayo was named to act as temporary chairman and E. H. French as temporary secretary of the county organization. They were directed to take the proper steps for selecting and organizing a county committee to assist in the management of the campaign.

Hon. James A. McKean, of Smethport, presided at the meeting.

The campaign is to open at once and within a short time there will be meetings held throughout the county and the congressional and senatorial districts. Among the speakers will be Guy B. Mayo and Candidate Knight.

CHARGED WITH SELLING LIQUOR

James Rolando Arrested and His Wife Held For Court.

James Rolando, an Italian of Hazelhurst, was arrested the early part of the week by Detective Jones on the charge of selling liquor without a license, and was given a hearing before Justice R. C. Gleason yesterday morning. At the hearing several witnesses for the Commonwealth were sworn and all testified that they had bought liquors at the Rolando home, but all said they had bought the wet goods of Mrs. Rolando.

This was rather a surprise to the prosecution, and as there was no evidence to hold Mr. Rolando he was discharged. However, Detective Jones immediately placed Mrs. Mary Rolando, his wife, under arrest and at the hearing that followed she was held for the October term of court in the sum of $500 bail, which was furnished by Frank Rizzo.

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One 1-cylinder Cadillac in good running condition, price $65.00.

One two- or four-passenger steamer in fine condition, price $150.

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MISS MANTZ IS DEAD.

Aged Woman Passed Away at Her Home on Sunday.

Miss Mary Mantz, one of Smethport's most highly respected citizens, passed peacefully from this world Sunday afternoon, September 8, 1912, at three o'clock at her home on Green street, at the age of 71 years, 10 months and 26 days.

Miss Mantz was born October 12, 1841, at Neuffen, Nurtingen Co., Wurttemburg, Germany, and came to America with her parents and sister, August 15, 1848. On May 4, 1887, she came to this place where she has since made her home, her neice, Miss Rose Curtiss, living with her.

She has been a lifelong member of the Methodist Episcopal church, also a member of the Ladies' Aid and W. C. T. U. Miss Mantz has been a great sufferer with rheumatism for the past forty years and the greater part of the last twelve years she has been confined to her home most of the time. Her interest in the welfare of the church and its societies never grew less during her illness and sufferings. She was of a kind, loving disposition and those who were fortunate enough to know her have lost a dear friend and neighbor.

Miss Mantz is survived by two neices, Miss Rose Curtis, who has lived with and cared for her during her illness, and Mrs. S. W. Cole of Minard Run, also two nephews, Geo. Curtis, of Bradford and Chas. Curtis, of Oklahoma.

The funeral services were held at the M. E. church yesterday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock, Rev. J. W. McGavern officiating. The remains were taken this (Thursday) morning to Hanover Center, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., and interred in Evergreen cemetery, where her parents are buried.

AT ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.

The Twentieth Anniversary Services Will Be Held on Saturday.

The following services will be held at St. Luke's church on the occasion of the 20th Anniversary of its Consecration:

Friday evening, Sept. 13th, Evening Prayer at 7:30 and sermon by the Rev. G. H. Sharpley, rector of Emmanuel church, Corry. The Junior choir will sing at this service.

Saturday, Sept. 14th, Holy Communion at 8 a. m. (general Communion) the Rev. J. H. McCandless celebrant.

10:00 a. m., Morning Prayer.

10:30 a. m., Holy Communion and ordination to the Diaconate. The Rt. Rev. Rogers Isreal, D. D., Bishop of Erie, celebrant. The Rev. Martin Higner, rector of St. John's church, Franklin, will preach the ordination sermon.

Luncheon will be served in the parish house at 1:00 p. m. to the visiting clergy, the vestry, St. Luke's Guild and the husbands of the ladies of St. Luke's Guild, by St. Christophers' Guild.

The following will be the order of the service at 10:30 a. m., Saturday:

Processional Hymn, "Hail Festal Day."
Preface to the Ordinal.
Promise of Conformity.
Hymn 286.
Sermon.
Presentation of the candidate.
Hymn 89, 1st verse.
Litany.
Introit, Psalm 24.
Communion service, Eyre in E flat.
Offertory Anthem, "Arise, O Lord."
Retrocessional hymn, 487.

Sermons at the usual hours Sunday The Bishop will preach at 10:30 Sunday morning.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending September 9, 1912:

Buonomo, D.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on

CARRIE CLARK.

FOLLOW THE CROWD

To Holder's Hall for Coats, Suits, Skirts, one-piece Wool Dresses, House Dresses, etc. Will be on sale from Thursday, the 12th, to 17th.

It J. A. HOLDER.

THREE BALL GAMES.

Smethport Wins Two From Olean and Loses to Mt. Union.

Perhaps the most interesting game of baseball played on the Smethport grounds this year was played at Kane field Monday afternoon between the Mt. Union team, champions of the Mountain League, and the Smethport team, and we are pleased to state that it looked like old times, when Smethport had one of the fastest amateur teams in Pennsylvania, to see the stores close during the game and a good sized crowd of men and women turn out to the game. The rooters were there also and in the ninth inning they got Muhan's nerve to such an extent that they had to take him out and substitute Stair. The only bad spot in the game was Rodgers of the home team, who appeared in bad condition and after making three rank errors that cost Smethport the game, was retired and McGowan put in his place.

The final score was 4 to 2, in favor of the visitors, and Rodgers was responsible for 2 of these four runs. The rest of the team played nice ball and everybody was well pleased with the exhibition.

Mt. Union is scheduled to play here again next Sunday at the fair grounds, when the home team will make a big effort to win back their lost laurels. That there will be a good turnout to this game goes without saying, provided the weather is favorable.

The tabulated score follows:

Smethport	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Kellar, lf	3	1	0	2	0	0
Clark, cf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Larson, 3b	4	0	1	1	1	1
Rodgers, 1b	2	0	0	5	2	3
McGowan, 1b	2	0	0	4	0	0
Hanlon, ss	4	1	1	1	3	1
Glavin, 2b	4	0	1	1	0	0
Denning, rf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Goodrich, c	4	0	0	10	1	0
O'Neil, p	3	0	0	1	2	0
	32	2	4	27	9	5

Mt. Union	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Fox, 3b	4	1	0	1	0	0
Mazer, ss	4	1	1	2	1	0
Sheehan, lf	4	1	2	1	0	0
Cruikshank, 1b	4	0	1	7	0	0
Omo, 2b	4	0	2	1	3	1
Dugan, cf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Stair, rf-p	4	1	1	2	0	0
Obel, c	3	0	0	13	0	0
Meehan, p-rf	2	0	0	0	3	0
	33	4	7	27	7	1

Score by innings:

Mt. Union .... 1 1 0 0 2 0 0 0 0—4
Smethport .....0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1—2

Sacrifice hits—Mazer.

Two base hits—Mazer, Glavin.

Home run—Sheehan.

Struck out—by Meehan, 12; by Stair, 1; by O'Neil, 10.

Hit by pitcher—Kellar.

Left on bases—Mt. Union, 9; Smethport, 6.

Bases on balls—off O'Neil, 6; off Meehan, 3.

Hits—off O'Neil, 7; off Meehan, 4.

The Olean Games.

The home team took two easy games from the pick of the Olean City League teams last Saturday and Sunday. The result of Saturday's game was 11 to 4 and Sunday's game was 8 to 5.

Through some mistake in trains the Olean team came up here on Saturday with only six men and had to fill in that afternoon with three local players. Smethport started off with Denning in the box, but after two innings Manager Clark took his place and tried to make it interesting by letting the visitors hit it, but at that it was too one-sided to be very thrilling.

For Sunday's game Olean had eight of their own men and one Smethport player and the game was fairly good to look at, although any ball player could easily see that only a rank slump would give the visitors a chance of winning. Denning pitched this game, and although they hit him freely, he kept the hits well scattered. The only time he showed any weakness was in the eighth inning when he passed two men and allowed two singles, netting three runs.

Larson and Hanlon played nice ball on Saturday and Sunday and some of their stops and throws were as high class as one often sees in the big leagues.

The fair grounds diamond had been fixed up some, but it was still in bad condition, and that is accountable for some of the errors. However, we understand that more work will be done on it before Sunday and we hope to see it in good condition by that time.

Advertise in The Miner.

THE COUNTY FAIR.

Properly Conducted, It Is a Great Benefit to All the People.

There is a tendency manifest in most agricultural counties to improve the county fair and make it what it should be—truly agricultural. A good fair is one that entertains and educates. It must do both. Its entertainments must be clean and not objectionable and even these strictures need not drive all side-shows from the grounds. But cheap, vulgar shows and freaks that corrupt morals and detract from those features that are worth while, should be banished, even though they may bring many sheckels into the treasury. The majority in any county community is opposed to these things.

The fair should be an agricultural exhibition essentially. It may also be made entertaining in the highest sense. People will attend a fair if there is anything worth going to see. Fine stock, fruit, grain and vegetables, choice household exhibits, improved farm implements, are always present, and every reasonably facility should be afforded exhibitors to make exhibits attractive. Too often this matter is overlooked and the educational value of the exhibit is lost. Machinery in operation is more interesting than when idle. Action arouses interest, and interest is the chief consideration.

A strong ally of the county fair is the Grange. Wherever this organization exists its assistance should be sought.

Happily the county fair as an institution is improving every year. The fair of the type that our forefathers enjoyed has been preserved in respect to its best features by many county fair managers, and much has been added to enhance its value as an educational institution.—J. W. Darrow, Columbia Co., N. Y., in "The Ohio Farmer."

The course outlined in "The Ohio Farmer," one of America's greatest farm papers (which is but a reiteration of the utterances of the agricultural press of the land) is the one which will be followed by the McKean County Fair association.

The obnoxious midway is a thing of the past among most fairs and this is well, for the greatest enjoyment and fun are received not from that which degrades, but which uplifts.

Believing this, the Association makes inducements of high order, feeling that its patrons expect them to secure amusements on the midway so that those who spend their money on them, will receive full value for it. We are assured there will be a large midway that offers rare opportunities of seeing more show on the square deal and worth while line than is usually found at county fairs.

The life and heart of a county fair is farm exhibits. To stimulate this interest, the Association has offered in premiums $5,673.75. The McKean County Fair is about the only fair that furnishes hay and straw to the horse and cattle departments free.

Recognizing the great work accomplished by the Grange, each subordinate Master has been made a vice-president of the Association. And these farm organizations, so strong in our county are co-operating with the Association in increasing the number and quality of exhibits, so confident of results, larger space has been allowed for exhibits.

A GRANGE LETTER.

It Is Also Interesting to Every Producer in This County.

The following letter has been sent each Grange in the county:

Worthy Master:

At the request of the Fair Association, I have consented to accept the office of Superintendent of Farm Produce at the coming fair. I am sending you this letter, requesting that you have it read at the Grange, believing that it will help to receive the co-operation of every farmer in making this department what it ought to be. The Association has given me more space for these exhibits so that they can be better taken care of, and I assure you that I will see that it will not be cluttered up as in the past, for this extra space will give us plenty of room to classify the exhibits.

In the past 3,000 catalogues have been distributed each year and only about 150 people make entries. We believe that the amount of money offered in premiums, is entitled to a greater number of people making entries. At first, many of us may not realize the amount of money offered in premiums, so I give here the following statement:

	1st.	2nd.
Horses	$640.00	$331.50
Cattle, sheep & swine	1704.00	852.00
Poultry	326.00	163.00
Halls	269.00	134.50
Culinary	155.00	77.50
Farm Products	245.00	122.50
Fruits	259.00	129.50
Plants and Flowers	44.00	22.00
Juvenile	81.00	40.50
Educational	52.00	25.75
Total	3775.00	1898.75

I would like to call your attention to the fact that our fair is about the only fair that furnishes both hay and straw to the horse and cattle departments free.

I would ask if you think it would be wise to appoint a committee in your Grange, to ask the different ones whom you know have good crops to make entries. We are not looking for entries, simply because the owners think they have the best in the county, but we aim to get the best each community has, and through our judges, we try to locate where the best is found in the county. I wish to call your attention to our Premium List this year. The list has been enlarged and made easier to understand and to find the different articles in each department. The Secretary has requested me to urge each person who makes an entry, to study the rules of the Department in which they make entries.

In the past, we have had very few entries of parsnips, salsify and grain. It seems to me that many have overlooked these articles, and I urge you to make an effort to secure entries for these three articles. I would also urge each person to take special care in preparing their articles for exhibition. All those products which are taken from the ground should be thoroughly cleaned.

In closing, I wish to call your attention to a premium offered in the Educational Department under Section 125. In this section the Association has offered $2.50 for the 1st premium and $1.25 for the 2nd premium on the best essay entitled "The Grange as a Factor in the Agricultural Development of a Community." This essay must be written by a farmer or his wife. As a member of the Grange, I would like to see an essay from every Grange in the county.

Hoping I have your co-operation this year in making my department a greater representation of Agriculture in this county, I remain,

Yours truly,
FRANK BURDICK,
Supt. of Farm Produce.

BACK TO THEIR STUDIES.

Summer Vacation is Over and They Are Returning to Work.

Among the Smethport young people who leave soon to continue their studies in various higher institutions of learning, are:

Miss Katherine Mayo, '09, Wellesley, Wellesley, Mass.

Howard Brownell, '10, Allegheny, Meadville, Pa.

J. Donald Hogarth, '10, State College, State College, Pa.

Walter Apple, '09, State College, State College, Pa.

Paul Apple, '09, State College, State College, Pa.

William Colegrove, '11, State College, State College, Pa.

Miss Edna Specht, '10, Mechanics Institute, Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Myra Sherburne, '11, Mechanics Institute, Rochester.

Miss Marie Purtle, '11, Mechanics Institute, Rochester.

Miss Vera Freeman, Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

Miss Edna Freeman, '03, Beechwood, Philadelphia.

Miss Alberta Cory, '11, Beechwood, Philadelphia.

Ralph White, '12, Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

Harold Day, '12, Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

Denber Simkins, '11, University of Northern Ohio, Lima, O.

Miss Ruth Hungerford, '12, State Normal School, Fredonia, N. Y

FOR SALE.

One horse, a good roadster; one top buggy; one cab buggy, nearly new; one cutter, nearly new; saddle harness and robes. Terms cash or approved security. Apply to

tf DR. JOHN CLARK.
Smethport, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

AUTO RELIABILITY CONTEST.

Buffalo Automobile Club Takes Lunch Here Yesterday.

The third annual 800-mile reliability contest of the Automobile Club of Buffalo was started yesterday morning and this day's run consisted of the trip to Smethport, via East Aurora, Franklinville and Olean, returning via Lafayette Corners, Bradford, Salamanca, Ellicottville and Orchard Park, a distance of 209.8 miles.

Twelve cars in all, nine contestants, the pilot car, the pacemaker and the Chairman's car, came here and took an hour for lunch and filling up the cars with gas and oil. The cars left Buffalo at short intervals after six o'clock and commenced to arrive here at about ten o'clock. The pilot car, a Studebaker "30," driven by Geo. W. Crist, passed through this place shortly before 10 o'clock, but did not stop. The next car to arrive was the pacemaker, a Premier, with R. MacNamara as driver, carrying Frank Dean, official checker, who took up his headquarters at the Backus Novelty garage, the noon control, and checked the contestants as they came in and went out. Wm. Lutz, Arthur W. Kreinheder and Oscar Krienheder, which reached here at 10:10. The Chairman's car a Pierce-Arrow "48," arrived after the contestants had got in and the occupants were John A. Murphy, Lawrence Enos, M. E. Tabor, L. N. Stewart, Frank A. Bryer, O. E. Yeager and Chas. Pond.

The contestants arrived as follows, and after taking an hour for lunch, departed in the same order:

Car	Driver	Time
Amplex "90"	J. G. Barclay Roy Slains	10:28
McFarlan "6"	Winfield Graham	10:29
Maxwell	G. Morton Wolfe	10:53
Maxwell	A. Q. Schoenthal	10:54
Hupmobile	C. O. Almendinger	11:31
K-R-I-T	Roy Langham	11:31
Paige-Detroit	Bruce Malcolm	11:33
Warren-Detroit	Harry Holcomb	11:32
R. C. H.	W. G. Schooeder	11:32

An excellent luncheon was served at the Hotel Imperial to the entire party which included drivers, observers and a number of invited guests, thirty-six in all. A heavy shower between 10 and 12 o'clock drenched nearly all of the either coming or going cars but they were a happy lot and seemed to be enjoying themselves.

A YOUTHFUL BURGLAR.

He Has Been Operating in Bradford and Was Arrested Monday.

Tuesday's Star-Record says: Gleason Colerick, a 15-year-old boy who age, the noon control, and checked the arrested yesterday afternoon on suspicion of having been implicated in some petty thieving that has annoyed Bradford residents for some time. Colerick was detected through the loss of his cap. Last Sunday night, some person tried to gain entrance to the store of F. W. Partiss, on Congress street. A window in the rear had been removed, but it could not be learned that the prowler had entered the store. He had evidently been frightened away and in making a hasty getaway, had left his cap lying on the ground, close to the building. The cap was turned over to the police. It was learned that Greenewalds had sold the headgear and yesterday, young Colerick went to the store and bought a cap that was an exact duplicate of the one found by Mr. Partiss. On this clue, the youth was arrested and later confessed to Captain Howe that he had entered the Partiss store and stolen a revolver and cartridges. When placed in the lockup, Colerick threw the revolver out of the window. It was later found by the police. Colerick admitted that he had entered several houses in a search for loot and also confessed to having visited the Sanitary bakery in the dead of the night.

Young Colerick was questioned relative to the series of burglaries that occurred in the city about a month ago. He said positively that he knew nothing of these robberies. Colerick is not truthful and the police have difficulty in sorting his untruthful statements from those that have been proven to be facts. The youth's statement that the revolver he had in his possession was stolen from the Partiss store, was found to-day to be untrue. Young Colerick bought the weapon from a pawnbroker.

At a hearing before Alderman Williams last evening, Colerick was held for the October term of court and will be taken to the county jail this evening by Sheriff Bain.

WHIMSICAL WILLS

Human Nature as Shown In Queer Requests and Bequests.

FEAR OF PREMATURE BURIAL.

This Dread Has Often Been the Cause of Curious Provisions in Last Testaments—The Grave of a Man Who Disliked the Society of Women.

The remarkable will of a man who died not long ago directing the undertaker to stab him through the heart after he had been pronounced dead by his physician is not a unique one. The fear of being buried alive has driven many a man to stipulate in his will that extraordinary steps be taken to make sure of death.

Thus, for instance, a magnate of Plymouth, England, decreed by his will that his wife should cut off one of his toes or fingers to make sure he was dead, adding that he made the request so that "as she had been troubled with one old fool she will not think of marrying a second."

The will of Lord Lytton contained special directions as to the examination of his body in order to provide against the possibility of his being buried while in a trance, which appeared to be an apprehension of his.

A farmer of Hertfordshire, England, who died in 1720, was so certain that his lethal slumber was to be not really death, that he inserted in his will his written wish that, "as he was about to take a thirty years' nap, his coffin might be suspended from a beam in his barn and by no means nailed down." He, however, permitted it to be locked, provided a hole were made in the side, through which the key might be pushed, so that he might let himself out when he awoke. His nephew, who inherited the property, obeyed his whim and did not bury the coffin till 1751, allowing him an extra year of grace.

The Sieur Roby, who died in 1845 at the age of ninety-six, said in his will: "Eight and forty hours after my decease I desire that a post mortem examination be made, that my heart be taken out and placed in an urn, which shall be intrusted to M. Baudoin (the undertaker). In conformity with an arrangement between him and myself my heart is to be conveyed to a mausoleum in the department of La Mayenne and there to be deposited, as agreed."

Robert, the famous Earl of Mellent and Leicester, one of the early crusaders in the holy land, died in 1118 in the abbey of Preaux, where his body was buried, but his heart was conveyed to the hospital at Brackley, there to be preserved in salt. Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1239, ordered her heart to be sent in a silver cup to her brother, then abbot of Tewkesbury, to be buried there before the high altar. The heart of John Baliol, lord of Barnard castle, who died in 1269, was by his widow's desire inclosed in an ivory casket richly enameled with silver.

But all these examples, strange as they may be, are not especially remarkable among the countless numbers of curious wills which are recorded through many generations.

There is, for example, the will of a rich old bachelor, who, incensed at what he considered the attempts of his family to put him under the yoke of matrimony, vented his spite on the whole sex of women by saying in his will: "I beg that my executors will see that I am buried where there is no woman interred, either to the right or to the left of me. Should this not be practicable in the ordinary course of things I direct that they purchase three graves and bury me in the middle one of the three, leaving the two others unoccupied."

John Reed, gasslighter of the Walnut Street theater, Philadelphia, filled that post for forty-four years. There is not on record a single performance at the theater at which he was not present. He never aspired to appear on the stage in his lifetime, but he was not without his mute ambitions, and before he died he contrived ingeniously to make sure of assuming a Shakespearean role after his death. A clause in his will read:

"My head is to be separated from my body immediately after my death, the latter to be buried in a grave, the former, duly macerated and prepared, to be brought to the theater, where I have served all my life, and to be employed to represent the skull of Yorick, and to this end I bequeath my head to the properties."—New York Sun

The Fingerless Glove.

How early did mankind think of the convenience of the fingerless glove which modern babies, fishermen and Alpine climbers appreciate so greatly? We hear little of gloves in ancient times, and in most cases it is obvious that they had fingers. Those worn by the secretary of the younger Pliny, used when he visited Vesuvius so that he might keep on jotting down notes in spite of the cold, must have been fingered no less than those of the glutton in Athenæus who wore gloves at table so that he might handle the meat while hot and get in advance of his bare handed fellow diners. One of the earliest known wearers of a glove with only a thumb is an Anglo-Saxon lady known in Planche's "History of British Costume." Her gloves exactly resemble a modern baby's.

My precept to all who build is that the owner should be an ornament to the house, and not the house to the owner.—Cicero.

MILLET'S RIOT IN COLORS.

The Artist Enraged the Critics, but Forced Recognition.

In his early years as an artist the late Frank D. Millet had a hard struggle to gain recognition. He sent pictures to exhibitions, to be sure, and good pictures they were, but no one paid any particular attention to them or said anything about them.

One day Millet conceived an idea. He painted a picture of a lady in black sitting on a bright red sofa, standing against a vivid yellow background. The effect was just a trifle startling. Friends who saw it in the process of production expostulated with him and asked him what he was going to do with it. They were astounded when he announced that he was going to send it to the exhibition. They told him the critics would "wipe the floor" with him. "They can't do that without mentioning me," said Millet quietly, "and they've never even done that, as yet."

To the exhibition the picture went. It killed everything within twenty feet on either side of it. You couldn't help looking at it. It simply knocked you down and held you there.

The critics got into a towering passion over it. They wrote whole columns about it. They exhausted the English language in abusing it. They ridiculed the committee that permitted it to be hung. They had squibs and gibes about it, but every time they spoke of it they mentioned Frank Millet. He suddenly became the best known artist in town. Somebody, because of the stir it had made, bought the picture at a good price and removed it to the seclusion of his own home.

When the next exhibition came off Millet had another picture ready, one of a very different sort and very good, but no better than others which he had exhibited before. The critics had much to say about it and "noted with pleasure the marked improvement" that Mr. Millet had made, "an evidence," as they modestly put it, "of the value of criticism, even though severe, to a young artist." And the majority of them never realized that Millet had simply compelled their attention by a clever trick.

TUNIS DIVORCE COURT.

An Oriental Scene That Smacks of "The Arabian Nights."

The next time you happen to be in Tunis don't fail to pay a visit to the divorce court. It is the most Haroun-al-Raschidic institution this side of Samarkand. A great hall of justice, vaulted and floored with marble and strewn with eastern carpets, forms the setting, while husbands in turbans and lawyers in turbooshes, white veiled women and green robed, gray bearded judges complete a scene which might have been taken straight from "The Arabian Nights."

The women, closely veiled and hooded and herded like so many cattle within an iron grill, take no part in the proceedings which so intimately affect their futures, their interests being left in the hands of a voluble and gesticulative avocat. In each of the four sides of the great hall is an alcove, and in each alcove, seated cross legged on a many cushioned divan, is a green robed, gold turbaned cadi. To him the husband states his case, the wife, through her avocat, putting in her defense—if she has any.

The judge considers the facts in silence, gravely stroking his long gray beard the while, and then delivers his decision—in nine cases out of ten, so I was told, in favor of the husband. Should either party be dissatisfied with the finding he or she can take an appeal by the simple process of walking across the hall and laying their case before one of the other judges, whose decision is final.

A case, even if appealed, is generally disposed of well under an hour and at a total cost of $1.20.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Too Hasty.

A traveling theatrical company was starting to parade in a small New England town when a big gander from a farmyard near at hand waddled to the middle of the street and began to hiss.

One of the double-in-brass actors turned toward the fowl and angrily exclaimed:

"Don't be so quick to jump at conclusions. Wait till you see the show."—Lippincott's.

Didn't Like the Reference.

Tramp—You know the sayin', mum, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." Mrs. Subbube—Very true. And since you speak in proverbs I'll refer you to another old saw. Tramp—Which one is dat, mum? Mrs. S.—The one back in the woodshed.—Boston Transcript.

A Tight Fit.

"How do you like the rooms in your new flat?" asked Bill Brown.

"Pretty fair," answered Jim Jones.

"What do you mean by pretty fair?"

"Well, they're a little tight across the shoulders, but otherwise seem to be a good fit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Irony of Fate.

"Did your husband have luck on his shooting trip?"

"The very worst. He accidentally shot the friend who was going to take us on an automobile tour and missed the man to whom he owed a lot of money."—Baltimore American.

Security.

"Did you lend that forgetful friend of yours the book he asked for?"

"Yes, but I took care to borrow his umbrella the same day."—Washington Star.

HIS BOLD BLUFF WON.

How a Clever Bost Worked One of New York's Exclusive Clubs.

It is about as hard for a stranger to get beyond the portals of an exclusive New York club as it is for the proverbial camel to get through the needle's eye. But New York clubdom is laughing over how one clever person "put it over" one of the city's best clubs recently.

A well dressed man drove up in a taxicab and strode into the club. The doorman opened the way for him, and he walked up to the desk.

"Send a boy out for my bags, will you?" he began, and the clerk rang the bell for one of the club boys.

"A good room, please, if there are any left tonight," said the newcomer, "with a bath."

"Yes, sir; we have 218, a very good room, sir."

"Good! I had that room here a couple of years ago."

The bags were brought in, the boy showed the way to the elevator and soon the man was comfortably settled in his room. Downstairs he came in a few minutes and strolled out to the grill room. There he had a couple of drinks, smoked a cigar and took away a box of the club cigarettes. He signed a "chit"—in other words, a club check—for what he had bought and walked out. An hour later he came back and went into the dining room, where he ordered the best the club had, prefacing his meal with a couple of cocktails. Again he signed a "chit."

"Taxi, please," he demanded when he came back to the office after taking a couple of Havanas from the case, signing as usual.

It is the custom in all smart clubs to provide cabs for members, they signing checks for them and settling at the end of the month when their bill comes in. The man drove off, went to the theater with a lady he called for, kept the cab the entire evening, took her home and then returned to the club for a nightcap and a cigar. Then he went upstairs to bed. Next morning he was down bright and early.

"Send a boy up for my bags," he said, "and get me a taxi. I've got to catch the 9:20 train."

He had a hearty breakfast, took a pocketful of cigars, lighted one at the desk, a porter carried his baggage to the cab and away he went.

When the clerks came to enter the checks in the ledger it was found that this man was not a member of the club and was not even a guest of a member. His name was not on the list.

There was a bit of a jolt in the club office on bill day.—New York World.

Dressed According to Law.

The grocer's assistant in London used to be as carefully looked after as his employer, precise regulations being laid down respecting the way he should dress. His coat had to be made "close and comely" and as well as the breeches was to consist only of "cloth, kersey, sackcloth, canvasse, English leather or English stuffe costing not more than 2s. 6d. the yard." His stockings were to be of woolen yarns or kersey, he was not to wear "Spanish shoes with polonia heels," and his hair was to be cut short. He was forbidden to wear any girdle, point, garters or shoestrings of any kind of silk or ribbon or any rose or such like goods upon his shoes. A breach of these regulations rendered him liable to eighteen hours' imprisonment in the Guildhall.

Lucky.

Wood Norton, the famous English estate, has been the home of foreign royalties for over half a century. After he lost the crown of France Louis Philippe lived there, and there is a funny story told of his meeting with an old publican after his return. The man stood by the roadside and bowed to the ex king.

"Who are you, my man?" he asked. "I seem to know your face. Were you here when I lived here before?"

"Please, your royal highness, I kept the Crown."

"Did you, indeed?" exclaimed the exking. "That's more than I could do!"

Rings From Shishaldin.

On Unimak island, Alaska, is Shishaldin, which in some respects is the most remarkable volcano in the world. In addition to a continuous emission of dense white smoke or steam, circular rings apparently several hundred feet in diameter and of wonderful symmetry and whiteness emerge in puffs at short intervals from the very top of the mountain. It causes one to think of the possibility of old Pluto of Pandaton smoking a cigarette.

Easiest Way Out.

"Something ought to be done to ease the prejudice against Wall street," said the apprehensive citizen.

"Well," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "it is too much to ask us to move business into another thoroughfare. But we might change the name of the street."—Washington Star.

His Quarter.

"I approach you in a worthy cause, Mr. Titewad. We want to raise $100,000. A prominent philanthropist offers to contribute a quarter of it."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Titewad hastily, "I don't mind giving another quarter. Can you change a half?"—Housekeeper.

Overworked.

"The hour of 12 has struck!" hissed the ghost.

"I don't blame it," replied the materialist. "It was worked to death long ago."—Judge.

Nothing can work me damage but myself.—St. Bernard.

The Mystery of Mark Island

A TRUE STORY

By F. A. MITCHEL

There is no more attractive region on the Atlantic coast for summer outings than Casco bay, Maine, and the many islands it contains. There the hot waves of July and August are dissipated. It is seldom that there is not a breeze there.

In winter the inhabitants of the islands fish, mostly with huge nets. In summer those owning boats turn an honest penny by taking visitors out upon the glorious waters. At almost any time one may see the sail of a pleasure boat bending to the breeze, and the engines of motorboats are always throbbing like a rapid drumbeat.

Not far from Orr's island, where Harriet Beecher Stowe laid the scene of one of her stories, and to the eastward is Mark island. It contains possibly half a dozen acres and is densely wooded. It stands alone, there being no other land within several miles of it. Its shores are rocky, and the waves curling up on them even in fair weather warn skippers to keep off, while during storms they send watery plumes high into the air.

During the last decade of the nineteenth century Mark island was purchased by a man living in Portland, some dozen miles distant, who made a summer residence of it. In the early summer he would go there in his yacht, remain during July and August, and when the begins of summer boarders to the city came around, the 1st of September, he would lock, bar and bolt his house and sail away by the same conveyance.

Who was the owner of Mark island the people living on the neighboring land did not know. Orr's and Bailey's islands, well stocked with summer cottagers and boarders, lie to the westward, while Sebasco is not far to the eastward. No one at any of these places ever made the acquaintance of the owner of Mark island. He neither visited any other locality nor invited his neighbors to visit him. Indeed, no boat was allowed to make a landing upon his shores. Several persons at

THEY BEGAN A SEARCH OF THE PREMISES.

different times approached with the view of going ashore, but they were always warned off.

The denizens of Mark island, so far as those who were used to sailing by it noticed, were two white men and a colored man who acted as a servant. Besides, there was a white woman who was occasionally seen sitting in a leafy bower above a rock against which the waters swished. Sometimes she would be reading and as boats sailed by would look up at those aboard. But usually she sat idly gazing upon the beautiful bay and the islands lying tranquilly upon its bosom. Yet, whether reading or dreaming, there was always a sad look on her face.

No one could be better situated to keep a secret than on Mark island for the reason that there was no liability to suspicion of having a secret to keep. The only neighbors are those passing in boats. Each island in Casco bay is a locality of itself. Within sight of Orr's and Bailey's islands are a number of these small oases of the waters, on some of which are one or more houses, while others have no inhabitants whatever. Some are wooded, some barren rocks. Few persons know to whom they belong, and no one cares. Some are occupied by the same persons year after year, some change hands often, while the barren rocks are always desolate.

The only excitant of curiosity at Mark island was the desolate lady. Had she been constantly in sight of the same persons some of them would doubtless have been sufficiently curious to make an attempt to discover the cause of her sorrow. But the yachts and the other different kinds of boats that sailed by never contained the same persons, and the vision they saw lasted but a few moments.

For several years Mark island was occupied by the same persons. The desolate lady sat in her bower, and landing there was prohibited. Possibly the secret attached to it might have been kept forever had it not been for a mistake of judgment made by one of its denizens.

The northeast grizzle began to subject to fogs. One summer a low, almost invisible line appeared on the horizon from Mark island. It broadened until it became a bank of fog which spread itself over the whole bay. We all know what a fog is to those who traverse the waters, both ships out at sea and small boats near the land. It happened that a boat load of pleasure seekers from Bailey's island were caught out in this fog. For hours they drifted not knowing whether they were going out to sea or toward the land. The bay is full of reefs, and no one is fitted for a skipper on its waters except one who knows every reef. The occupants of the befogged boat did not know what moment it might strike one of these reefs, a hole be made in its bottom and they would all perish.

Suddenly they discovered within a dozen yards of them a shore in one part of which was a narrow indentation in the rocks by which they might make a landing. They were so relieved that all raised their voices in happy exclamations. As they were making their way to the landing place the dim figure of a man appeared on the shore and shouted.

"Keep off! You can't land here!"

"We will land here," replied the skipper, "and we'll stay here till the fog lifts."

"You won't land here," said the other doggedly.

As the nose of the boat scraped the shore of Mark island the man who prohibited the landing pushed her away. A man on the boat seized an oar and was about to bring it down on the other's head when he stepped back and, drawing a revolver, threatened to shoot the first man who attempted to come ashore.

There was a violent protest on the part of the occupants of the boat against being turned back in the fog, possibly to their death. There were women aboard, and they begged the men to leave the inhospitable place and finally prevailed upon them to do so. So they drifted away, muttering curses upon the man who had refused them a landing.

A deathknell had been sounded for the secret of Mark island. Had the man permitted the landing the part would not have remained long on the island and might not have gone 100 yards from their boat, for the fog soon lifted, and they got safely back to their destination with the story of their inhuman treatment.

But why had they been thus treated? The reply was that something was going on at Mark island that the perpetrators were unwilling to have known. The story and this supposed reason for the party having been refused a landing at the point of a pistol passed from mouth to mouth. It was suggested that the desolate lady was kept there a prisoner. But if this were so why had she not asked to be taken away by those on some of the passing boats? Others thought that some other person was held there and the desolate lady was a party to the outrage; but, though they differed as to the crime, they all agreed that Mark island was used for a criminal purpose.

Meanwhile Mark island remained in unknown place. All were curious to know what was going on there, but it was no one's business to find out, especially since this could not be done except at the risk of getting shot. More boats sailed about it than before and on every boat persons stared at it wonderingly. All had heard of the desolate lady and expected to see her sitting on a rock, like a mermaid, combing her hair. But the lady did not appear. Indeed, no one was to be seen on the island. Yet the house was located in its center and so surrounded by trees as to be invisible.

Meanwhile the story of Mark island reached a person who pricked up his ears the moment he heard it. Later when the Portland boat touched the landing at Orr's island, he stepped ashore and put up at one of the hotels. He listened attentively to any one who would talk to him about the mystery, but said nothing himself. The next day several other men arrived at Orr's island, each man bearing a rifle. When asked why they were armed they replied that they were going on a hunt for moose in the Maine woods. Since it was about the 1st of September, not far from the shooting season, the story was believed.

One morning the man who had first arrived, accompanied by the hunting party, hired a boat and sailed out through the cut separating Orr's and Bailey's islands; then they turned their course to the eastward.

A few miles' sail brought them to Mark island, and instead of gaping at it they made straight for the shore. On reaching it the men cocked their rifles and jumped on the rocks. Their landing was not opposed, and they went up to the house. They found it shut up, barred and bolted. Not even a dog barked or a cat mewed.

They broke in the doors and began a search of the premises. In the cellar they found a complete counterfeiter's outfit.

The leader of the party, a United States government detective, had long been looking for the makers of certain spurious bills that had been finding their way into circulation. A few of these bills had been put out in New England, but the bulk of them in other locations. A man of education and refinement was finally discovered to be the perpetrator, and the man who had refused the befogged party a landing was his assistant. The desolate lady was the former's wife, who believing that her husband would some day be exposed, was simply waiting for that day. The assistant, while the principal and his wife were away from the island, had very foolishly refused those who sought refuge a landing.

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Many are the wishes of good will for the bride-to-be and congratulations for Mr. Whittenhall.

—Nicholas Derecolo, a trackwalker for the Pennsylvania railroad, was killed Sunday morning at a point about a mile west of Keating. While it is not definitely known, it is thought that Derecolo was sitting on the east bound track, when a light engine was coming east. At the same time a freight train was going west which deadened the sound of the approaching engine which struck him and knocked him over the bank.—Kane Republican.

—Kane Republican: They tell us that the goose that laid the golden egg was slaughtered for more eggs. Just so with the topaz chicken. Of course there was some excuse for the execution of the latter for the topaz were not forthcoming until the fowl's gizzard was laid bare. Miss Transeau who resides at the corner of Fraley and Poplar streets, purchased the aforesaid chicken on the curb market Saturday morning and upon dressing it found its gizzard to contain four good sized pieces of topaz—the very real article. The chicken had also been taking iron, a half dozen small washers also being found. The girl's father, who is quite a lover of gems and who has worked out several pieces by hand from the rough, will do the same with the topaz which are considered quite valuable. P. S.—The above is a true story and no advertisement for the curb market.

—Only the coolheadedness of the McCreight twins (Jack and Jim) prevented an expensive fire in the garage at the rear of the McCreight town house shortly before nine o' clock last evening, says Thursday's DuBois Courier. As it is the building was slightly damaged, a little Hupmobile was scorched and Jim McCreight had one hand badly burned. The boys were filling the gasoline tank of the machine previous to driving out to the country home when some of the liquid splashed out, catching fire from the rear light. In an instant the machine was a mass of flames. One of the boys jumped into the car and the other cranked it and it was backed out of the building and against a telephone pole. The one who had cranked the machine immediately finishing that job, turned a stream of water on the twin in the burning auto and the fire was soon extinguished. But, not, however, before the leather on the seats had been badly scorched and other damage done.

Believable!

"Do you know that I had two offers of marriage last week?" asked a plain girl of a friend.

"Oh, I am delighted, dear!" the friend exclaimed. "Then the report that your uncle left you his money is really true?"

Cheerfulness.

If there is need of joyousness and good cheer in our words and looks and demeanor it is when we feel least like it and when others about us are most likely to be helped by it.

Patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest too.—Ruskin.

Railway Wheels.

Did you ever notice that the wheels of a locomotive engine are beveled? The reason for this is that in rounding a curve the outer rail is, of course, a little longer than the inner one. The difference is very little, but it would be enough to make an engine "skid" unless it were reckoned for. In the beveled wheel the higher part, with its greater circumference, is forced against the outer rail by the very tendency of the engine to drive straight ahead, and with the other wheel the smaller circumference rests on the rail, thus overcoming the difference in the lengths of the lines.

"An Old Police Trick."

Defending a man charged at West Ham with drunkenness, a solicitor said: "It's a very old trick for two policemen when taking a man to the station to walk out of step. The result is that the prisoner lurches from one side to the other, and he is supposed to be unable to walk without assistance."—London Standard.

A Different Mission.

"Well, old man, how's tricks?"

"Miss Wallaby accepted me last night."

"I suppose you are around today accepting congratulations."

"No; I'm around today trying to borrow $200 to buy the ring."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Shrinking Nature.

Mr. Goodsole—What's your real objection to taking a bath?

Soiled Samuel—You see, mister, I'm so delicate dat if I even git near de water I shrink.—Exchange.

New Danger.

Wife—Did you read about the awful railroad wreck? Husband—Yes, but for heaven's sake don't let your mother know or she won't dare to go home.—Satire.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice and dull in every other.—Sidney.

Poetical Inspiration.

Congressman E. W. Townsend of New Jersey, author of "Chimmie Fadden," told a yarn of poetical inspiration which is weird, to say the least. He was paying his first visit to Honolulu, some twenty-five years ago, and was greeted at the wharf by Charles Dana Stoddard, one of his close personal friends. Townsend had decided to go to one of the local hotels and Stoddard tried to dissuade him, desiring him to live at a bungalow high up Nuuanu valley, which the poet had occupied for some months. He described its charms as follows:

"Ed, it's the most beautiful spot in the world. Sitting on the front porch you can look down the valley, over the wonderful flowering trees, groves of cocoanut palms and pineapples, to the sea, with its hundreds of shades of color, from gray to the deepest blue of heaven. And for poetical inspiration I can sit on my back porch, where I do my work, and throw the ashes from my cigarette on the graves of two suicides."—New York World.

Testing Tea by Burning It.

"I bought tea the other day at a Japanese store," said the young housekeeper. "The proprietor saw that I had doubts about the quality, so he darted back to the rear of the store. I expected him to return with a cup of steaming tea, but he brought a small ash tray and match. He threw a pinch of tea into the tray, touched it with a lighted match and watched it burn. Then he applied the same test to another brand of tea that had claimed my half hearted allegiance. The first sample showed only a small flake of ashes, the second three times as much.

"'Which shows,' said he, 'that the first tea is the best. That is an infallible test. The better the tea the fewer the ashes. I invite all my customers to test tea that way before buying.'

"I took the ashless tea of course. Since then I have wondered what the average American grocer would say if his customers should apply a lighted match to their tea canister before giving an order."—Washington Star.

Telling the Time in Turkey.

In Turkey the watch and clock are extremely rare, and a big crowd of persons could be rounded up on the street without finding a watch among them, but the natives have an exceedingly ingenious way of approximating the time, and some of them hit it with considerable accuracy. They locate two cardinal points of the compass and then, folding their hands together in such a manner that the forefingers point upward and in opposite directions, they observe the shade cast. In the morning or evening at certain known hours one finger or the other will point directly at the sun. A comparison of the two shadows will determine the hours between. Another system followed in that country and some others of the orient is to observe the eyes of a cat. Early in the morning and evening the pupil is round. At 9 and 3 o'clock it is oval, and at noon it consists of a narrow slit.—Buffalo Express

Satisfying Honor in India.

They had a peculiar way of going into bankruptcy among the Marawaris in India, now unhappily giving way to the less picturesque method of the white man. When a man could not pay his bills he would summon his creditors. They were ushered into a room in which the thakur, or household god, was enshrined, but covered up with a cloth and with the face turned to the wall in order that it might not witness the scene that was to follow. The insolvent would then, in garb of mourning, lie on the floor, presenting his back to his creditors, who, on a given signal, would fall on him with shoes and slippers and belabor him till their wrath was exhausted. The beating finished, honor was declared to be satisfied all around.

The Criterion of Danger.

The Duke of Wellington once drove Sir George Warrender from Windsor in his carriage. The duke drove so furiously that Sir George, dreading every moment that a terrible collision would occur, begged him not to drive so fast.

"Pooh, pooh!" said his grace. "Where there is no fear there is no danger."

"My dear duke," replied Sir George, "if fear is the criterion of danger for heaven's sake stop and let me get out, for I was never in such a funk in my life."—London Mail.

Not Afraid.

Recruiting Officer—You realize the danger before you? You are not afraid of having horses shot under you? Society Recruit—Me? I had two motorboats explode under me; three autos start over me and an aeroplane fall with me during the past social season alone.—Puck.

A Dreadnought.

"I was talking to Digby this morning about the latest Dreadnought. He didn't appear to be much interested."

"I should think not! Digby married one."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Kindness.

Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love—make haste to be kind!—Amiel.

His Obligations.

Wigg—The trouble with Hardupp is that he doesn't meet his obligations. Wagg—Meet them? He wouldn't recognize them if he did.—Philadelphia Record.

No one has any more right to go through life unhappy than he has to go through it ill bred.

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ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

The Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - Pa.

will welcome your account and it will be given the same careful attention that has made friends of our present customers.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Rexall Assortment

Everything in the Drug Line

BEST,
PUREST
AND MOST
COMPLETE,
PRICE RIGHT.

A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

WALKER'S I X L ICE CREAM

JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

What's What in Clothes and Furnishings

We're a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Fall to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kuppenheimer.

Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck.

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House
62-64 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 491.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 12, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Get ready to attend the great McKean County Fair and Races.

—While driving along Tionesta creek last Friday morning Call Swoop and Richard Rumburger ran too near the edge of the road and tipped over their Ford runabout. They went down a 20-foot embankment and Swoop received a broken leg and Rumburger received slight scratches and a bruised shoulder.

—Payment of the State school appropriation, which is later than usual this year, is now being made at the rate of twenty-five districts a day, and it is the expectation of State Treasurer Charles F. Wright to have them completed by the end of October. The State appropriation is $7,500,000 per year, of which something in the neighborhood of $6,000,000 goes to the common school districts.

—Michael Russell, aged about 65 years, was instantly killed while running the passenger elevator in the paper mills at Johnsonburg on Monday evening of last week. The accident which caused his death was not observed by anyone, but his body was found with his skull crushed. It is supposed he was caught between the floor and the elevator.

—George Richards, of Kasson, was a caller at this office long enough to leave us a premium list of the McKean County Fair. The work consists of 80 pages, and was printed at the Miner office in Smethport, and is a very good specimen, both mechanically and typographically, and considering the short time allowed The Miner force for its completion, reflects credit on that office.—Mt. Jewett News.

—George Lewis, vice-president of the Oil City Trust Co., and one of the best known men in Oil City, shot and killed himself in the bath room of his home at an early hour Monday morning. Mr. Lewis had not been feeling well for the past few days and it is thought that the intense heat affected his brain. He was aged 69 years. He has been interested in various oil companies for the past 40 years and was a resident of Bradford during the early oil excitement. He was well known to many of the old residents of this county.

—Should one examine the catalogue of the fair carefully this year he will find that the premiums to be given amount to $5,673.75, certainly a sum large enough to secure exhibits which alone would be well worth the price of admission, and a sum large enough to satisfy the most exacting as an incentive to send their exhibits, particularly as with each exhibit there is an exhibitor's ticket which admits them to the ground all four days of the fair. Next week Saturday, Sept. 21, is the last day that an entry can be made. Make your entries early. All premiums paid the last day.

—Assisted only by her 14-year-old son, Mrs. Jennie Patton, the widow of John Patton, of Boggs township, Armstrong county, is just completing the harvesting of crops almost entirely through her own work. She plowed her own fields, did the cultivating, sowing, cutting and reaping, and has crops which compare most favorably with those of neighboring farms run by men. She has harvested crops including 214 bushels of wheat, over 400 bushels of oats, and plenty of corn and potatoes and smaller vegetables. Mrs. Patton also attended to her household duties, and is in excellent health as a result of her out-of-door exercise.

—The Eldred Eagle says: The local nine defeated the Bloomer Girls (?) here last Friday, by a score of 8 to 5. The visitors travel by special cars, walked in the ball ground with canvas and got every one from the kids to the baldheads at a quarter each. A girl (we guess) started in a pitching, but the boys soon retired her and a bloomer man took her place. It is said that there were four girls in the bunch but from the remark of a certain bald-headed gentleman who very seldom attends baseball games, "they looked to have been 'girls' nigh onto 40 years ago." The show in the evening, under their own tent, was as good as the average tent show, better than most of them. The attendance was very small.

—The Warren Mail of Thursday, Aug. 29th, says: A pleasant announcement party was enjoyed by the Forest Thimble Club girls Saturday August 17th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walker Ransom, in Sugar Grove, when the engagement of their daughter, Etta Mae, to Mr. Ransom Whittenhall, of Smethport, was announced. A three-course luncheon was served by Harriet Ransom and Helen Crocker. The dining room was tastefully decorated with pink and white crepe paper and sweet peas. Place cards were fastened to the center decorations by ribbons, which, when drawn, produced the announcement cards.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, Marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors and administrators' notices $2.50 each.

Address all communications to HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 12, 1912.

After Mr. Wilson's Buffalo speech our working girls will certainly appreciate those old lines "Good and how great the virtue and the art, to live on little with a cheerful heart."

How secure we would feel if Teddy was handling this Mexican crisis. He would know just what to do and the best of it is he would do it. Let us remember the trouble with Columbia over the Panama Canal. Instead of delaying the work for years by having Congress discuss the situation, he fixed it himself and let Congress discuss him.

A terrible motorcycle accident occurred at Newark, N. J., last Sunday when Eddie Hasha's motorcycle went wrong, climbed the 28-foot incline of the bowl track and machine and rider were dashed into the crowded grandstand. Hasha and five spectators were killed instantly and as many others were so seriously injured that they are expected to die. Shortly afterwards Johnny Albright's motorcycle threw him and he was so badly injured that he died in two hours.

By the combined efforts of the Republican and Progressive parties Maine was wrested from the Democratic ranks and William T. Haines elected governor. In a statement Governor-elect Haines says: "I shall not attempt to exert any influence for one faction or the other. I have never yet indicated whether I shall support Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft in the coming contest. I have had the support of both factions in my contest for the governorship and I feel under great obligations to what I call both wings of the Republican party.

It would seem to many that Mr. Roosevelt was eminently right when he said in Spokane the other day "that woman has as much right in politics as man has, so long as she does not sacrifice her duties of the home." Indeed, her right needs to be exercised in the preservation of that home from the evils that effect the life of to-day. It is of little use to assert that the home is woman's sphere unless there is a correction of the many abuses which are a woman's right to have corrected in order that there may remain that sphere in which her duty lies. The woman's suffrage plank in the Progressive platform is close kin to the minimum wage for women who work.

Col. Tom McClellan of the Mt. Jewett Herald speaks of H. H. Redfield of this place as "nothing" and in the same article lauds Hon. Ed. Benson, of Mt. Jewett, as "some pumpkins." This is one of Tom's best satires and is fully appreciated by Horace's many friends throughout the county, who recall Mr. Benson's brilliant record in the last session of the legislature. Mr. Benson, in a very short time, gained the reputation of being the greatest joker in the House. He earned this reputation by introducing more bills that were simply screams than all the rest of the members of that body combined. It got to be a pretty dull Monday night session if the Honorable Mr. Benson from McKean did not favor the assembly with at least one of his side-splitting bills. With these bills he made McKean county famous in every nook and corner of the State and we have heard it hinted that some of them are now being used in comedy vaudeville sketches on dear Old Broadway and are the hits of the season. When it comes to droll comedy Mr. Redfield would be worse than nothing compared to Mr. Benson, but there are some voters in this county who think it is again time to send a man down to Harrisburg who is not so much of a joke and who would take an interest in sane legislation and therefore there may be a chance of Mr. Redfield and his running mate beating out the big scream from the mountain.

The time is ripe for a change in our economic conditions, when it reached a pass that a girl or woman, who is not a specialist in some line, can not earn, in the stores or shops of our cities, enough to support a mere existence without help from home or being forced into a life of immorality.

The Roosevelt platform provides for a minimum wage for women who work, in order that this horrible condition may be corrected and if we will only stop our chase after the elusive dollar long enough to consider the question we will realize, especially if we can imagine misfortune overtaking us and some of our loved ones being placed in the position of these unfortunate girls of our cities, how Woodrow Wilson's condemnation of this measure, without at least offering some substitute for the correction of this evil is, to say the least, short sighted. Can it be possible that the man who stands at the head of the Democratic party fails to appreciate that a condition exists which every well informed individual in our land knows is only too horribly true? It is well said that the most important thing to care for to-day is the next generation and what are we to expect of our next generation when our future mothers are so poorly provided for? Is it and will it always be true that the Democratic party is destructive and not constructive?

A minimum wage has passed the theoretical stage. It works. Other countries, notably, Australia, have experimented along this line and have found it advantageous beyond their fondest expectations and a real economic advance.

The Eldred Eagle wants The Miner to show why the common people should vote for Roosevelt. That's easy. Col. Roosevelt is the nominee of the Progressive party and the Progressive party stands for the very things that will afford permanent relief to the common people, who today are having such a hard time providing a decent living for themselves and their families. The Eagle says: "We are not villifying Roosevelt, but as a man of principle we dare The Miner to show that Roosevelt is shoulder high to Taft." Mr. Taft was elected four years ago by the people of the United States with the full understanding that he was a progressive and would carry out the progressive policies started by his predecessor, Col. Roosevelt, who made it possible for Mr. Taft to become president. Mr. Taft betrayed Col. Roosevelt and the people who elected him by making a complete flop and going over to the common enemy of Col. Roosevelt and the common people—the Cannon-Penrose-Barnes-Guggenheim crowd. When Mr. Taft asked to be re-elected the common people in the Republican party made up their minds to administer to him the rebuke he richly deserved for betraying their confidence, and where they had a chance to express their feelings the rebuke was crushing. But the stand-pat gang, above mentioned, railroaded him through to the nomination in face of the overwhelming evidence that he was not the choice of the Republican voters, and naturally these common people turned to their friend, Col. Roosevelt, for relief and the result is the third big party, with Roosevelt as its standard bearer. Now the stand-pat Republicans call Roosevelt a traitor because he left the crowd that outrageously robbed him, and joined his friends who were equally robbed, and is leading them in a mighty fight for a square deal and their constitutional rights as American citizens. To put it in a few words: Taft deserted his friends and benefactors. Roosevelt deserted those who robbed him and the people. We will leave it to these common people who are less than shoulder high to the other in real American manhood. As for various other reasons why the common people should vote for Mr. Roosevelt in preference to Mr. Taft, we will respectfully direct the editor of the Eagle to the editorial columns of The Miner from now until November 5th, next, for they are so many that one issue of this paper would not hold them even if they were set in five-point solid.

If the people of this county want a good, clean, honest government (and we think they do) they must lend their best efforts toward selecting good, clean, honest and capable men to fill the various offices within their gift, no matter whether or not that office is one where there is a possibility of graft or demands an exceptionally brilliant man to fill it. In the past few decades the voters have fallen into a rut which has done more to promote graft and dishonesty in public office than the grafters and bosses themselves have done along these lines—if such is possible. It has become a hard fact that a man who is not a good mixer and spender, no matter how eminently fitted he may be to fill the office to which he aspires, cannot be elected if his opponent happens to be a mixer and a spender, even though the latter may lack many or all of the real qualifications for the place to be filled. We hope this condition is improving but it has a long way to go before it comes up to the proper standard. Let the voter remember that the men who spends as much or more than an office is worth to be elected is very liable to try to get even by fair or foul means, while he who does not spend much in a campaign can afford to be honest if the people will choose. A vast majority of men are honest by choice, but when driven to necessity the percentage of honest men is greatly decreased. Most voters would spurn a money offer for their vote, but many will allow themselves to be influenced against their better judgment by the gift of a dinner, a day's work on election day, or even a jolly handshake and a good-natured slap on the back. We do not mean that the good-natured, jolly fellow who meets you with a smile should be shunned or mistrusted but we do mean that these qualifications should not be allowed to outweigh brains and ability when a man is making up his mind who to vote for.

If the voters of this country would carefully consider all the qualifications of the men who are seeking office, and would put honesty and brains above all other assets it would not be long before graft in politics would be almost unheard of.

We do not believe that the voters generally want to encourage graft corruption in politics, but many are doing it unconsciously by voting for a man just because he is a good fellow or out of sympathy when they knew that his opponent is the better and more capable man in every other respect.

McGREGOR'S STATEMENT.

To the Citizens of McKean County:

I take this method of introducing myself as Democratic candidate for Member of Assembly.

In this age, it is due the voters that every candidate for office should plainly state his political attitude on all matters of public interest. I have been a resident of McKean county for 34 years and expect to spend the balance of my life here; my interests and my ambition and my friends are located here.

I consider my country the beacon light of the world, made so by those basic principles of human liberty which provide for freedom of speech, freedom of the press, free public schools and our form of government which gives scope to the energies, ambitions and hopes of the race.

While I have always performed my duties of citizenship conscientiously the present is the first time I have ever aspired to political office. My only wish and ambition at this time is to contribute some service to the great democracy of mankind during my remaining years that may bring me the respect and honor of my fellow men.

To that end, I pledge myself, if elected to work faithfully for the interests of the Citizens of McKean county, of the State and of the Nation. I shall work zealously in favor of any progressive and liberal legislation in the interests of the people generally and with special reference to improved conditions of labor, such as shorter hours, better sanitation, better housing with adequate protection and compensation for the accidents and hazards of employment; the improvement and extension of our State highways, the encouragement of agriculture, the improvement of transportation facilities; the proper regulation of corporations, and the equalization of taxation.

I also pledge myself to the support of any measure regardless of theis party origin, looking to the betterment of the political, moral or material welfare of the great majority of the people, and I especially pledge myself to use every effort to overthrow the corrupt political regime which for years has been known as the "Penrose Machine."

On the above basis I solicit the support of my fellow citizens generally.

It ARTHUR McGREGOR.

SEASON TICKETS.

Buy Early for the Great McKean County Fair & Races.

One dollar buys a season ticket to the Fair, admitting the holder to the grounds every day at the rate of 25c a day. Every ticket gives the holder a passout ticket. Season tickets can be bought at the following places:

The Fair Office
Wells' Drug Store
Armstrong's Drug Store
Wright House
Imperial Hotel
Grand Central Hotel
Cottage House
Frank Hackett, Framers Valley
George Gill, Coryville
George Bayer, Crosby.

DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Anti imperialism, anti Bryan,
Anti tariff, anti Ryan,
Anti this, anti that,
Anti Taft anti fat,
Anti Wilson, anti wage,
Anti woman and suffrage.
Anti gold, anti booze,
Anti dry, anti Moose,
Anti hope and prosperity,
Ante bellum Democracy.

GIRL WANTED.

At Hotel Hazel, Harelhurst, Pa.

Removing a Minute.

The mayor of an Australian mining town, who was a noted boxer, had been absent for some months, and just before his return to his mayoral duties his colleagues passed a vote of censure on him. At the next meeting of the town council the mayor was present and found the minutes of the previous conference to contain this:

"A vote of censure was passed on the mayor for absenting himself, but it was resolved to ask for an explanation."

"Who proposed this vote of censure?" inquired the mayor.

"I did," said a councilor.

"You did, did you?" said the mayor, stepping from his presidential chair. "Then take that!" and he struck him violently in the face. "Who seconded the resolution?" he asked quietly. There was no answer. "Who seconded this resolution?" he asked again. Still there was no answer. "Then," said the mayor, taking up his pen, "as there was no seconder, it's out of order. Strike it off the minutes!"

Electing a Queen Cow!

In the Rhone valley, Switzerland, an extraordinary ceremony is carried out every July. This is the choosing of a queen cow by the cows themselves. A large number of cows, over 200 at times, are assembled in a field to choose their queen. The queen cow is the one which is strong enough to fight all the other cows off the pasture and remain in possession of it herself. The owners of the cows are not allowed to encourage their beasts in any way. The honor of owning a queen cow is keenly coveted by the local herdsmen, and they do everything they can in order to turn their animal out a winner. In their eagerness to bring their beasts fit and well on the day of battle many of the herdsmen feed them a week or a fortnight beforehand on bread and wine. The cows descend from a fighting race and are always eager to have a scrap. The "election" of the queen cow often lasts the greater part of the day and is watched by crowds, who come to the scene from miles round.

The Sad Case of Jane Hobbs.

Not so long ago a Lancashire road breaker sold his wife to another man and thought the transaction was perfectly legal because he had placed a halter round her neck, the end of which he put in the hand of the purchaser after the money had been paid. This belief rises from the custom of olden days, when wives were actually led into the market place with halters round their necks and sold to the best purchaser. It was this custom which led to the humorous ditty which runs: "A jolly shoemaker, John Hobbs, he married Jane Carter; no damsel was smarter, but she was a tartar, Jane Hobbs. So he tied a rope to her, Jane Hobbs, and like a lamb to the slaughter to Smithfield he brought her; but nobody bought her, Jane Hobbs. 'Oh, who wants a wife?' cried Hobbs; but somehow they fell us those wife trading fellows were all of them sellers, like Hobbs."—London Spectator.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

William T. Burgess
vs.
Della B. Burgess.

No. 8, February Term, 1912.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, William T. Burgess did, on the 9th day of December, A. D. 1911, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth, he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Della B. Burgess.

We therefore command you, the said Della B. Burgess, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of October next, to answer the petition or libel of William T. Burgess and show cause, if any you have, why the said William T. Burgess, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., September 12, 1912.

W. J. Milliken, Libellant's Attorney.

WAVERLY GASOLINE

A good motor is worthy of the very best gasoline.

The three famous Waverly Gasolines—

76° — Special — Motor

Give Power Without Carbon

They are all refined, distilled and treated. They contain no "natural" gasolines, which are crude and unrefined and which carry the maximum of carbon-producing elements.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO. Independent Refiners PITTSBURG, PA.

Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Family Favorite Oil.

FREE 200 Page Book—tells all about oil.

If You Want to Buy, You Need Our September Guide to Buyers.

SEND A STAMP TODAY FOR OUR SEPTEMBER LIST

of real estate placed with us for sale. We have more than 600 properties listed. Our list comprises eight large pages, brim full of attractive bargains. If you can't come to our office, send a two-cent stamp and we'll mail you a free copy. Our services

Bell Phone 740-W Union 324.

Herrick Agency,

OLEAN, N. Y.

Masonic Temple, Both Phones.

New Fall Hat

New Neckwear

New FALL HATS

First Showing

All the novelties

We are ready for a look.

$1.00 to $3.00

H. W. Rubin,

THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

Don't Buy Tire Worries With a Pleasure Car.

It is now possible to make an automobile journey without a thought of your tires.

RESILIO

Makes it so. It cures every evil chargeable to pneumatic tires. It increases the life of the casings fifty to one hundred per cent. It never loses its vitality. It is a perfect shock absorber. It rides as easy as air. It saves money and annoyance. It does not granulate, freeze or soften. It fits any tire on any rim. It is absolutely trouble proof. It saves expense in special tools. AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, It permits one to continually enjoy the pleasures automobiles were intended to promote.

RESILIO—What It Is

Resilio is a vegetable compound which is forced into the inner tube hot, in a semi-liquid state, where it immediately vulcanizes, and is ready for the road in a few hours.

Pneumatic tires have not kept up with the Pace.

It is conceded that pneumatic tires are ten years behind the times in automobile construction, and many devices have been offered to cover this seemingly unconquerable fault.

Most of them have no merit, and some indifferent merit. Some are beyond reason because of the cost and it remains for

RECILIO

To cover every known objection in tire construction, which if does in the most simple manner and at a very reasonable price.

RESILIO Has Stood the Test

Before a single claim had been made for RESILIO it had been tested for two years on cars subjected to every possible use, and under all climatic conditions.

Actual tests show great gains in efficiency of power in your gasoline; a feature worth remembering.

The motorist whose tires are treated with RESILIO knows what it is to enjoy pneumatic tire speed, resiliency and comfort without pneumatic tire expense, trouble and worry. Knows what it means to feel that there can be No blowouts. No punctures. No extra tires or tubes to carry. No rim cuts. No leaky valves. No delays. No accidents. No dirty work on the roads.

It is not affected by heat or cold. Can be used in any tire under any conditions. Does not flatten from standing or lose its shape from any other reason.

IT IS PERFECTION IN A TIRE FILLER.

If you are interested in RESILIO; for prices and further information call on or address

PENN TIRE FILLER CO., Coudersport, Pa

OR

BACKUS NOVELTY CO., Smethport, Pa.,

Sole agents for McKean County.

The Sugar Bowl.

QUALITY AND PURITY.

For Fancy Drinks, Frappes, Sundaes, and Ice Cream Sodas (all flavors). The Sugar Bowl is the place to go.

Brick ice cream three colors a specialty.

Ice Cream Packed and delivered at low prices.

Try the Marathonian Salted Almonds

BELL PHONE 84.

SPIRO COCONIS, Prop.

SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna

SMALL PATTERNS — PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILLINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

Everything in Stone Wear

Small crocks from 1 qt. to 3 gal.
Large crocks up to 30 gal.
Churns from 3 gal. to 12 gal.
Mixing bowls in all sizes.
Flower pots from 3 inches up.

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

You Pay Less Here

We find we help ourselves most by first helping others. Compare our prices with the prices you pay elsewhere and you will be convinced. We save you money on the same quality bought from the same factory. All goods sold by us are guaranteed to quality and prices or your money refunded. A few of the many prices given below.

Best granulated sugar	6c
Niagara corn starch	6c
Arm & Hammar soda	6c
Large size Gold Dust (pkg)	19c
Large size Pet Milk, 9c, 3 for	25c
Large size Post Toasties 9c, 3 for	25c
Maple Flake 9c, 3 for	25c
5 Bars Lenox soap	25c
6 Bars Fels Naptha soap	25c
7 Bars Oak Leaf soap	25c
Royal Baking Powder, 1 lb. can	29c
Medium Red Salmon	15c

Choice Fruits and Vegetables

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

Prompt Delivery — Bell 'phone 107

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 12, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—John Lindholm is confined to his home by illness.

—The Country Cousins were the guests of Mrs. L. D. Gifford yesterday.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Swanson on Sunday, September 8, 1912, a girl.

—Mrs. J. V. McAlpin entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Church street last evening.

—H. H. Redfield has purchased a new Studebaker "20" runabout from the Backus Novelty Company.

—St. Elizabeth's Aid Society will hold a cooked food sale in J. S. McCarthy's meat market Saturday afternoon.

—The Bible class of the Methodist Episcopal church will give a supper Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock in the chapel. Everybody invited.

—Mrs. Maria Carter has purchased the Bennett property on Main street, nearly opposite the Wright House, from A. B. Armstrong.

—W. H. Halpenny is moving his family from the Ryden house on Main street to the Gallup house at the corner of King and Union streets.

—The strong Mt. Union team and the Smethport baseball team will play at the fair grounds next Sunday. A fast game is looked forward to by local fans.

—"In the record of good crops don't forget the silent but eloquent oyster," remarks an exchange. "The hard winter agreed with him. The oyster crop will be the largest in 50 years."

—The store of H. W. Rubin & Son will be closed to-day and to-morrow on account of the Jewish holidays, but will be open for business on Saturday.

—Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin, who underwent an operation at the Bradford hospital last week, is improving rapidly and she expects to be able to come home the latter part of the week.

—Methodist Episcopal church services will be held as follows next Sunday: Morning subject, "Complete Religion;" evening subject "Sacredness of Authority and Power in Government."

—A barn belonging to Joe Brooder, at Sartwell, was struck by lightning about 3 o'clock yesterday. Barn was burned to ground together with 15 tons of hay. Loss was about $500; no insurance.—Eldred Eagle.

—Just as we go to press we learn that the Mt. Union baseball team will not play here on Sunday, that team having disbanded. Manager Clark says he will have another strong team here for Sunday's game at the fair grounds.

—A Shetland pony for the boy or girl is one of the most useful aids to out-of-door life that can be given to the average child. At noon, Friday, September 27, a Shetland pony will be sold in front of the grandstand to the highest bidder, at the fair.

—Infantile paralysis is spreading in Buffalo and a rigid quarantine has been established over every home in which the disease appears. The report of 180 cases and 22 deaths from the disease since January resulted in this stringent step being taken.

—Mr. Carl A. Tanner of Farmers Valley, and Miss Bertha V. Plumber, of Coryville, were united in marriage this Thursday morning, September 12, [illegible] of Rev. J. W. McGavern at the parsonage of the M. E. church in this borough. Both are well known and popular young people in this vicinity and they have a host of friends who will unite with The Miner in wishing them a long and happy married life.

—Deputy Sheriff George B. Montgomery and Herman E. Tull left Monday for Allegheny, Pa., having in charge William Patton, of Bradford, who will be taken to the penitentiary and Seymour Gifford and Arthur Ogden to the workhouse, to fulfill the sentences pronounced upon them at the last term of court.

—One of the features to be repeated at the fair this year is the exciting motor races. Events of this kind have become extremely popular. Men racing around a track at a speed of a mile in a minute, necessarily must be exciting and thrilling—thrilling because there is always an element of danger which such extreme competition in speed brings. The prizes for these events are $20.00 for first, $10.00 for second, and $5.00 for third.

—George Howard of this place has struck a lucky streak. He and John Troy of Olean and two other gentlemen comprise a company that drilled in a well at Orchard Park, N. Y., last Saturday which showed 3,500,000 feet of gas per day. Mr. Howard told the writer on Tuesday that he was going to locate another well at once and that they expected to put down six more wells in the near future. They have a ready market for their gas at 15 cents per thousand and even if it settles down half it will be a big paying well.

—Among the educational features which are more and more attracting attention and interest of the patrons of the fair, are the exhibits of our schools, and we wish especially to call the attention of our teachers to the premiums for essays in sections 125 and 26 in the catalogue. This particular exhibit has been neglected in the past, and the fair managers and Supt. Lillibridge, desire to emphasize the importance of this part of the exhibit for the pupils of our county certainly will be benefitted by competing along this line.

—H. L. Backus, Ed. French and Guy B. Mayo of Smethport, were Mt. Jewett visitors Thursday afternoon, and some of our people carried the impression that this eminent coterie of Bull Moosers were responsible for the shower which broke over this section about the time of their arrival. But this was all a mistake. The Bull Moose contingent will reserve their tears for the opening days of November.—Mt. Jewett Herald. There ain't going to be any tears. It will all be sunshine in November.

—A dispatch from Chicago, dated Sept. 11, says: Mrs. Etta Johnson, wife of "Jack" Johnson, the champion pugilist, and former society belle of Hempstead, L. I., who as the wife of Clarence E. Duryea, society and horse man, she held the key to Long Island society, to-night shot herself following an attack of nervous prostration, in her apartment over Johnson's cafe, No. 41 East 31st street. The bullet entered at the right temple and came out at the left temple. At midnight after an operation at the Provident hospital, hope for her recovery was abandoned. Johnson was at his wife's side crying like a child. Remorse for having left her place in the exclusive Long Island society colony to become the wife of the world's champion prize fighter and to associate herself with those of his race, is the cause to which her act ultimately can be traced, according to her close friends.

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. J. Kerr was a Mt. Jewett visitor Friday.

Wm. Colegrove was a Coudersport visitor Monday.

C. S. King of Port Allegany is in town on business.

Rev. J. W. McGavern is in Silver Creek, N. Y., to-day.

Sheridan Gorton was in Bradford on business Monday.

Sheriff M. C. Bain was a Bradford business visitor Tuesday.

W. H. Hungerford was a Fredonia, N. Y., visitor this week.

Miss Mate Connolly was in Bradford shopping on Monday.

George J. Chase left Monday for New York city on business.

Miss Norine Ridder was the guest of Olean friends last Saturday.

Mrs. Bela Colegrove is visiting her sister in Burlington Flats, N. Y.

Mrs. Martha King of Ceres, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. Pauline King.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Penn have returned from an extended trip to Atlantic City.

Mrs. Harry Fenna of Vineland, N. J., is visiting Mrs. M. C. Bain this week.

Mrs. S. F. McClafferty of Hazelhurst was a Smethport visitor last Friday.

Darius Simpson of Turtle Point was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Mrs. H. F. Grabe and children left for their new home in State College last week.

[illegible] of Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] of Olean, last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Monheimer were Buffalo visitors a few days this week on business.

Miss Anna Nelson of Port Allegany has been the guest of Miss Alice Irons this week.

Miss Vera Freeman returned Tuesday evening from a short visit with friends in Bradford.

Mrs. Frank Creighton of Ridgway, Pa., is the guest of relatives and friends in this place.

James McGowan, Jr., of Norwich spent Sunday at the home of his father, James McGowan.

Donald Hogarth left Tuesday for State College where he will resume his studies for the year.

Miss Myra Sherburne left Monday for Rochester, N. Y., there to resume her studies at Mechanics' Institute.

Miss Belva Ford returned home Monday from a two weeks' vacation spent at Exposition Park and Butler.

Miss Elsie Sherer was the guest of her cousin, Mrs. V. J. Coleman, in Port Allegany a few days this week.

Miss Fanny Kerr and niece, Primrose Kerr, returned home Saturday evening from a short visit with Olean friends.

Mrs. Mollie E. Pierce arrived in town Saturday from Lockport, N. Y., and will remain in Smethport for some time.

Rev. J. W. McGavern has been in Whitesville, N. Y., this week to attend the district conference of the M. E. church.

Miss Mate Connolly returned home Saturday from a two weeks' trip to Exposition Park, Olean, Coudersport and Shinglehouse.

Luella Dorson, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Covely, for the summer, left for her home in Olean last Monday.

Miss Ruth Studhlome who has been the guests of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder, has returned to her home in Olean.

Mrs. Jane Adams who has been the guest of relatives and friends in this place for some time has returned to her home in Cleveland, Ohio.

Andrus King and daughters, Ruth and Harriet, of Gulfport, Miss., who have been the guest of Miss Mollie King, left for their home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell, returned home Tuesday from a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell of Erie.

W. W. Crittendon and a party of Coudersport people were visitors in town last evening and this morning. They are making a tour in their automobile.

Orlo J. Hamlin and daughters, Mirabel, Hannah and Susan, were in Bradford the first of the week to see Mrs. Hamlin, who is a patient in the Bradford hospital.

Miss Mary Pumphrey of Winsconlie, England, who has been the guest of her cousin, Miss Mollie King, for the past two weeks, leaves to-day for Wichita, Kansas.

Miss Edna Keenan has returned to her duties as a teacher in the New York city schools, after spending the summer vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield, Mrs. W. L. Hammar and Mrs. Guy H. McCoy, and Chauffeur Ed. Whitelaw are Syracuse, N. Y., visitors, the trip being made in the former's car.

County Commissioners A. R. Anderson, A. R. Cory and A. M. Marsh and Commissioners' Clerk A. B. Walker left Monday for Indiana, Pa., to attend the State convention of county commissioners.

DR. H. E. WHEELER

Will be at the Wright House on Tuesday, Sept. 17, at which time free examination will be made on all people suffering with eye trouble.

SUCH A BARGAIN!

44

Splendid School Suits

will be sold at

$2.00

These are Spring and Summer Suits, but really heavy enough for fall wear. Regular $3.50 $4.00 and $4.50 but we are going to "clear 'em out" at

$2.00

made in Norfolk, 3 button and double breasted—all have knicker-bocker pants; sizes 7 to 14

Hurry if you want a bargain.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

FRY & COMES

Sweater Coats

For Men, Women and Children.

The new knit goods are ready to-day. For the amount of money involved there is nothing in the ready to wear line that will afford more comfort and satisfaction than one of these new wool sweaters that we have just unpacked.

The colors are pleasing—styles just right and values much above the average offering.

For Men $1.00 to $6.00.
For Women $1.00 to $6.50.
For Boys and Girls 50c to $2.25.

Tailored Suits and Coats.

Fall fashions are on display.

Coats $6.75 to $25.00.
Suits $13.50 to $25.00.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT. : : : PA.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

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RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in our teet.

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WHAT PLACE Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS than the pantry with locked doors. ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON Prepared coffee. Made in the cup. Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS' PLUM PUDDING Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,

PHONE 7.

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Our line of Colgates Toilet Articles, Soaps, Powders and Creams, is the best in the market and you should not be without a generous supply.

Call and inspect our line.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

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For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go to **Brasted's**

Holding Up a Train

Mode of Operation Described by an Expert

By O. HENRY

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Note.—The man who told me these things was for several years an outlaw in the southwest and a follower of the pursuit he so frankly describes. His description of the modus operandi should prove interesting, his counsel of value to the potential passenger in some future holdup, while his estimate of the pleasures of train robbing will hardly induce any one to adopt it as a profession. I give the story in almost exactly his own words.
O. H.

Most people would say, if their opinion was asked for, that holding up a train would be a hard job. Well, it isn't; it's easy. I have contributed some to the uneasiness of railroads and the insomnia of express companies, and the most trouble I ever had about a holdup was in being swindled by unscrupulous people while spending the money I got. The danger wasn't anything to speak of, and we didn't mind the trouble.

One man has come pretty near robbing a train by himself, two have succeeded a few times, three can do it if they are hustlers, but five is about the right number. The time to do it and the place depend upon several things.

The first "stickup" I was ever in happened in 1890. Maybe the way I got into it will explain how most train robbers start in the business. Five out of six western outlaws are just cowboys out of a job and gone wrong. The sixth is a tough from the east who dresses up like a bad man and plays some low-down trick that gives the boys a bad name. Wire fences and "nesters" made five of them; a bad heart made the sixth.

Jim S. and I were working on the 101 ranch in Colorado. The nesters had the cowman on the go. They had taken up the land and elected officers who were hard to get along with. Jim and I rode into La Junta one day, going south from a roundup. We were having a little fun without malice toward anybody when a former administration cut in and tried to harvest us. Jim shot a deputy marshal, and I kind of corroborated his side of the argument. We skirmished up and down the main street, the boomers having had luck all the time. After awhile we leaned forward and shored for the ranch down on the Cerlso.

Well, there wasn't anything we could get there, and, being mighty hard up, we decided to transact a little business with the railroads. Jim and I joined forces with Tom and Ike Moore, two brothers who had plenty of sand and they were willing to convert into dust.

We selected a place on the Santa Fe where there was a bridge across a deep creek surrounded by heavy timber. All passenger trains took water at the tank close to one end of the bridge. It was a quiet place, the nearest house being five miles away.

The Santa Fe flier was due at the tank at 11:15 p. m. At 11 Tom and I lay down on one side of the track, and Jim and Ike took the other. As the train rolled up, the headlight flashing far down the track and the steam hissing from the engine, I turned weak.

The engine had hardly stopped when I jumped on the running board on one side, while Jim mounted the other. As soon as the engineer and firemen saw our guns they threw up their hands without being told and begged us not to shoot, saying they would do anything we wanted them to.

"Hit the ground!" I ordered, and they both jumped off. We drove them before us down the side of the train. While this was happening Tom and Ike had been blazing away, one on each side of the train, yelling like Apaches so as to keep the passengers herded in the cars.

By this time all my nervousness was gone. I felt a kind of pleasant excitement as if I were at a dance or a frolic of some sort. The lights were all out in the coaches, and as Tom and Ike gradually quit firing and yelling it got to be almost as still as a graveyard.

I made the fireman get a lantern, and then I went to the express car and yelled to the messenger to open up or get perforated. He slid the door back and stood in it with his hands up. "Jump overboard, son," I said, and he hit the dirt like a lump of lead. There were two safes in the car—a big one and a little one. By the way, I first located the messenger's arsenal—a double barreled shotgun with buckshot cartridges and a 38 caliber in a drawer. I drew the cartridges from the shotgun, pocketed the pistol and called the messenger inside. I shoved my gun against his nose and put him to work. He couldn't open the big safe, but he did the little one. There was only $900 in it. That was mighty small winnings for our trouble, so we decided to go through the passengers.

There were very few people in the day coaches at that time of night, so we made a slim haul until we got to the sleeper. I saw Jim coming in the other door, and I hollered for everybody to climb out and line up.

They commenced to scramble down, and for awhile we had a three ringed circus.

The ladies didn't stop to dress. They were so curious to see a real, live train robber, bless 'em, that they just wrapped blankets and sheets around themselves and came out, squeaky and fidgety looking. They always show more curiosity and sand than the men.

We got them all lined up and pretty quiet, and I went through the bunch. I found very little on them—I mean in the way of valuables.

Then Jim held them steady while I searched the berths. I grappled around in those beds and filled a pillowcase with the strangest assortment of stuff you ever saw. When I finished I dumped the pillowcase load in the middle of the aisle. There were a good many watches, bracelets, rings and pocketbooks, with a sprinkling of false teeth, whisky flasks, face powder boxes, chocolate caramels and heads of hair of various colors and lengths. There were also about a dozen ladies' stockings into which jewelry, watches and rolls of bills had been stuffed and then wadded up tight and stuck under the mattresses.

One of the women—and a good looker she was—wrapped in a striped blanket, saw me pick up one of the stockings that was pretty chunky and heavy about the toe, and she snapped out:

"That's mine, sir. You're not in the business of robbing women, are you?"

Now, as this was our first holdup, we hadn't agreed upon any code of ethics, so I hardly knew what to answer. But, anyway, I replied: "Well, not as a specialty. If this contains your personal property you can have it back."

"It just does," she declared eagerly and reached out her hand for it.

"You'll excuse my taking a look at the contents," I said, holding the stock-

THE ENGINEER AND FIREMAN THREW UP THEIR HANDS.

ing up by the toe. Out dumped a big gent's gold watch worth $200, a gent's leather pocketbook that we afterward found to contain $600, a 32 caliber revolver, and the only thing of the lot that could have been a lady's personal property was a silver bracelet worth about 50 cents.

I said, "Madam, here's your property," and handed her the bracelet. "Now," I went on, "how can you expect us to act square with you when you try to deceive us in this manner? I'm surprised at such conduct."

The young woman flushed up as if she had been caught doing something dishonest.

When we finished our job we ordered everybody back to bed, told 'em good night very politely at the door and left. We rode forty miles before daylight and then divided the stuff. Each of us got $1,752.83 in money. We lumped the jewelry around. Then we scattered, each man for himself.

That was my first train robbery, and it was about as easily done as any of the ones that followed. But that was the last and only time I ever went through the passengers.

The best haul I made was just seven years after the first one. We found out about a train that was going to bring out a lot of money to pay off the soldiers at a government post. We stuck that train up in broad daylight. Five of us lay in the sand hills near a little station. Ten soldiers were guarding the money on the train, but they might just as well have been at home on a furlough. We didn't even allow them to stick their heads out the windows to see the fun. We had no trouble at all in getting the money, which was all in gold. Of course a big howl was raised at the time about the robbery. It was government stuff, and the government got sarcastic and wanted to know what the convoy of soldiers went along for. The only excuse given was that nobody was expecting an attack among those bare sand hills in daytime. I don't know what the government thought about the excuse, but I know that it was a good one. The surprise—that is the keynote of the train robbing business. The papers published all kinds of stories about the loss, finally agreeing that it was between $9,000 and $10,000. The government sawed wood. Here are the correct figures, printed for the first time—$48,000.

By that time we were expert enough to know what to do. We rode due west twenty miles, making a trail that a Broadway policeman could have followed, and then we doubled back, hiding our tracks. On the second night after the holdup, while posses were scouring the country in every direction, Jim and I were eating supper in the second story of a friend's house in the town where the alarm started from.

I have been asked what we do with the money we get. Well, I never could account for a tenth part of it after it was spent. It goes fast and freely. An outlaw has to have a good many friends. A highly respected citizen may and often does get along with very few, but a man on the dodge has got to have "side kickers." With angry posses and reward hungry officers cutting out a hot trail for him, he must have a few places scattered about the country where he can stop and feed himself and his horse and get a few hours' sleep without having to keep both eyes open.

Now I propose to tell why it is easy to hold up a train and then why no one should ever do it.

In the first place the attacking party has all the advantage. That is, of course, supposing that they are old timers, with the necessary experience and courage. They have the outside and are protected by the darkness, while the others are in the light, hemmed into a small space and exposed, the moment they show a head at a window or door, to the aim of a man who is a dead shot and who won't hesitate to shoot.

But, in my opinion, the main condition that makes train robbing easy is the element of surprise in connection with the imagination of the passengers. The passenger thinks there are a hundred men yelling and shooting outside when maybe there are only two or three.

As to the train crew, we never had any more trouble with them than if they had been so many sheep. I don't mean that they are cowards. I mean that they have got sense. They know they're not up against a bluff. It's the same way with the officers. I've seen secret service men, marshals and railroad detectives fork over their change as meek as Moses. I saw one of the bravest marshals I ever knew hide his gun under his seat and dig up along with the rest while I was taking toll. He wasn't afraid. He simply knew that we had the drop on the whole outfit.

I will give one instance to support my statement that the surprise is the best card in playing for a holdup.

Along in '92 the Daltons were cutting out a hot trail for the officers down in the Cherokee Nation. Those were their lucky days, and they got so reckless and sandy that they used to announce beforehand what job they were going to undertake. Once they gave it out that they were going to hold up the M., K. and T. flier on a certain night at the station of Pryor Creek, in Indian Territory.

That night the railroad company got fifteen deputy marshals in Muscogee and put them on the train. Beside them they had fifty armed men hid in the depot at Pryor Creek.

When the Katy flier pulled in not a Dalton showed up. The next station was Adair, six miles away. When the train reached there and the deputies were having a good time, explaining what they would have done to the Dalton gang if they had turned up, all at once it sounded like an army firing outside. The conductor and brakeman came running into the car yelling "Train robbers!"

Some of those deputies lit out of the door, hit the ground and kept on running. Some of them hid their Winchesters under the seats. Two of them made a fight, and both were killed.

It took the Daltons just ten minutes to capture the train and whip the escort. In twenty minutes more they had robbed the express car of $27,000 and made a clean getaway.

My opinion is that those deputies would have put up a stiff fight at Pryor Creek, where they were expecting trouble, but they were taken by surprise and "locoed" at Adair, just as the Daltons, who knew their business, expected they would.

I don't think I ought to close without giving some deductions from my experience of eight years "on the dodge." It doesn't pay to rob trains. Leaving out the question of right and morals, which I don't think I ought to tackle, there is very little to envy in the life of an outlaw. After awhile money ceases to have any value in his eyes. Most of the time he is on the jump, riding day and night, and he lives so hard between times that he doesn't enjoy the taste of high life when he gets it. He knows that his time is bound to come to lose his life or liberty and that the accuracy of his aim, the speed of his horse and the fidelity of his "sider" are all that postpones the inevitable.

It isn't that he loses any sleep over danger from officers of the law. In all my experience I never knew officers to attack a band of outlaws unless they outnumbered them at least three to one.

But the outlaw carries one thought constantly in his mind, and that is what makes him so sore against life—he knows where the marshals get their recruits of deputies. He knows that the majority of these upholders of the law were once lawbreakers, horse thieves, rustlers, highwaymen and outlaws like himself and that they gained their positions and immunity by turning state's evidence, by turning traitor and delivering up their comrades to imprisonment and death. He knows that some day—unless he is first shot—his Judas will set to work, the trap will be laid and he will be the surprised instead of a surpriser at a stickup.

That is why the man who holds up trains picks his company with a thousand times the care with which a careful girl chooses a sweetheart. That is why he raises himself from his blanket of nights and listens to the tread of every horse's hoofs on the distant road. That is why he broods suspiciously for days upon a jesting remark or an unusual movement of a tried comrade or the broken mutterings of his closest friend, sleeping by his side.

And it is one of the reasons why the train robbing profession is not so pleasant a one as either of its collateral branches, politics or cornering the market.

How Tommy Atoned

Estranged Lovers Reconciled by an Office Boy

By AGNES G. BROGAN

Dorothea sighed. "Men," she informed the bull terrier, "are a most unworthy lot. I wish I were a nun." Thereupon Dorothea fastened her flimsy frock up the back and took a last approving glance at herself in the mirror. This sudden desire upon Dorothea's part to be safely cloistered from the attentions of the disappointing male was the outcome of her twenty-fourth irrevocable quarrel with Dick. Paul Richard Walton was the name by which the dignified young lawyer was known among his associates. But who could be dignified with Dorothea? And who with the most determined purpose in the world could steel his heart against Dorothea? Certainly not this young man who had entered her father's office as humble assistant and had won for himself by patient effort a partnership in the old law firm. But from the moment when Dorothea's eyes had twinkled in his direction it had been all up with Paul Richard.

In vain he impressed upon himself her remote and exalted position; in vain he resolved to flee from her wicked cajoleries. Dorothea perched herself upon the arm of her father's imposing leather chair, while her eyes mocked and coaxed and reproached him in turn. Their engagement had been accomplished, it seemed, in order to prove the old adage that "the course of true love never does run smooth," for the consummation of Richard's fondest hopes was but the beginning of a series of disagreements leading up to this later and bitter one, which seemed destined to be the last quarrel of all.

At first Dorothea's father had utterly refused his consent to the match. The family had other views for their only daughter, and families can be very disagreeable about views. Then when Dorothea had persuaded her father to apologize and to invite Paul Richard out to dinner that young man's humble though prudish mother had demurred in a most surprising manner as to the apparently frivolous character of her son's choice.

"The idea!" exclaimed Dorothea when the disapproval had been made plain to her, and—

"The idea!" exclaimed Paul Richard in stronger terms. But when the mother's prejudices had disappeared before Dorothea's sunny smile a truce was again declared, and the young people settled down to enjoy their new found happiness. Now, the offending element was no less a person than Dick's freckled faced office boy. That this impertinent young rascal should have presumed to inform Dick of Dorothea's innocent drive with an old sweetheart, returned from the west, was most annoying. But that Dick would consent to listen to a boy's chatter concerning his promised wife—this was to Dorothea not only incomprehensible, but unforgivable. She had promptly

"NO," SHE ANSWERED, "I AM SENDING NO MESSAGE."

dispatched a note to Paul Richard plainly stating her opinion of such conduct, and she longed to tell that grinning office boy just what she thought of him. Dorothea would have done it, too, had she not been afraid of crying. Surely matters were humiliating enough as it was without making a spectacle of oneself before a presumptuous boy.

Dick had always been foolishly kind to Tommy Ryan. Had he not once spent an entire evening away from Dorothea's side that he might sit with the boy who was ill? So when Dick sent a curt reply to her accusation of disloyalty, intimating that her drive with Bobby Mahew still remained an unexplained fact and making no secret of his jealous displeasure, why, there was nothing left for Dorothea to do but to inclose that beloved glinting ring in cotton wool and send it posthaste to its unreasonable donor. When she had completed this task Dorothea donned her prettiest frock and sat down to wait with spiteful satisfaction for Richard's repentant return. But, oh wonder of wonders, Paul Richard came not at all! Days passed, and weeks, and dreary, gloomy months. The young lawyer grew stern and silent, while the young maiden was seemingly gay and merry. Her gloomy moments, like her gloomy thoughts, were only known to the bull terrier. And often as Dorothea bent low over her silent confidant there would be an unaccountable damp spot upon the faithful head, which caused the dog to raise his eyes in eloquent sympathy.

And then Paul Richard was taken desperately, dangerously ill. Father looked at Dorothea curiously as he told the news one night.

"Allowed to see no one," he finished briefly—"delirious most of the time—typhoid."

Dorothea crept numbly up to her room. "Do you think," she asked the terrier fearfully, "that he will die? And—does he care for me still, I wonder? Because if I thought that he cared I would go to him now—tonight. But how can one tell? Men change. Perhaps he was glad after all to be free. He did not wish to love me," the girl went on musingly. "I—I made him do it. He always said my horrid money kept him from me, but now—if I could only be sure that he cared"—

Dorothea sprang to her feet. "Love!" she cried contemptuously. "Love!" If he had known the meaning of the word could he have remained silent, could he have stayed so long away?"

When Paul Richard, turning restlessly upon his cot at the hospital, looked up once more with rational, seeing eyes, the nurse held out to him a great bunch of roses—bride roses they were—filling the room with their fragrance. For a moment the bright color flamed in the sick man's face, and with an eager motion he reached for the accompanying card.

"I will read it to you," the nurse offered, and the admiring client who had bestowed the bouquet would not have been flattered at his attorney's sudden lack of interest in his gift.

"Take them away," Richard said testily. "I can't bear—flowers."

Dorothea had known a pretty fashion of wearing roses in her hair. Down low, she wore them, tucked into that wavy knot just below her little ear. The fragrance had been wafted to him across the musty lawbooks, he remembered, when she had sat there in her father's chair, so invitingly near and yet so seemingly far away. Why had she bridged the forbidding chasm of wealth and caste only to leave him with heartache and memories in the end? Or had she realized her mistake perhaps with the return of her old time lover?

She had been with Bob Mahew much lately. Tommy Ryan kept him informed of these occasions. And who could stem the tide of Tommy's garrulous tongue? For this she had blamed him rightly, and yet Tommy was a stanch friend, his unconscious comradeship as free from impertinence as that of a child. That the boy would "do or die" for him under any and all circumstances Richard never doubted, and perhaps at the bottom of his heart was a pillow, feeling for this courageous lad of the streets, who was striving even as he had striven against difficulties.

Richard turned to the nurse again. "No letters?" he asked and sank wearily back at her gesture of assent.

"What a fool you are!" he grumbled fiercely into the pillows. "If she cares for Bob Mahew can't you let her have—her happiness?"

"What's that?" cried a cheery voice from the doorway, and uninvited Tommy Ryan entered the hospital room. "Doctors wanted to throw me out," he announced pleasantly, "but I told them I was your particular friend."

Richard smiled feebly, and with a skillful throw Tommy hung his cap on the post of the bed.

"Ye look as if ye hadn't been overfeedin'," the boy continued; then as he stood looking down at the thin, worn face Tommy's voice sank to a husky murmur. "Ye've got to cure yourself, Mr. Walton," he said. "It's up to you. If there's anything that's worryin' just throw it off your mind."

Richard laughed shortly. "How's business?" he asked.

The boy chuckled. "Fine," he answered, "if it weren't for the flowers just chokin' up the place. They keep comin' in for you, and as ye haven't been in a state to know flowers from cabbages, sir, we held them down there."

Richard sat up with unexpected strength. "You didn't destroy the cards?" he questioned anxiously. Tommy, who was making a hasty search through various pockets, laid a small package upon the counterpane, then stood regarding his paragon with shrewd and watchful eyes. The square jaws tightened aggressively as Richard read the cards and one by one laid them quietly aside.

"I thank you, Tommy," he said. "Come in again."

Miss Dorothea, entering the office upon the following morning, met with a cool reception from the usually obsequious office boy.

"Father in?" she questioned. And, this being father's unchangeable luncheon hour, Tommy Ryan might be excused the stare of surprise which was his only response. Perhaps Dorothea hoped that the boy's talkative tendencies might be turned to her own advantage, for she smiled into the obdurate, freckled face.

"Your employer improving?" she questioned carelessly.

"Yep," said Tommy.

"I am glad to hear it," she continued, with assumed indifference.

The boy leaned forward. "That a message?" he asked quickly. For a moment Dorothea's eyes wavered before his, so keenly searching.

"No," she answered at last, and her tone was emphatic. "I am sending no message." She felt the boy's gaze still upon her as she ostentatiously scribbled a note to her father. This impudent Irish lad should see that her visit to the office had not been made with the purpose of sending a conciliating message to his too indulgent employer. Her face was still flushed and her hand lingered upon the doorknob as she stood looking about the dear, familiar room, now so desolate because of one vacant chair. And Dorothea angrily blinked back the tears which persistently filled her eyes as she awaited the descending elevator.

"Is this yours, miss?" suddenly asked the detested voice of Tommy. He stood holding out to her a bit of linen and lace. "Found it on the floor," the boy explained. Again Dorothea was conscious of a keen glance from the Irish eyes; then the glance softened into something which she could not

"IT WAS SO GOOD OF YOU," RICHARD MURMURED BROKENLY.

quite understand, and for one strange, unaccountable moment the girl stood looking back at him, unashamed, through her tear bright eyes.

Later, as she held silent communion with the bull terrier, Dorothea's tears continued to fall unheeded.

"A letter for you," called mother, and Dorothea guiltily hid her face as she opened the door to receive the missive. It was a square envelope, a very bulky envelope, and the girl's hand trembled as she recognized the firm, well known writing. For a long time the terrier watched with breathless interest as she read. At the first page he cocked one ear in anticipation, and at the fourth his tail joyously pounded the floor, for the doleful expression of his beloved mistress had mysteriously changed to one of radiant delight. In an instant her arms were about the dog's neck as she laughed and whispered broken sentences into his black, sleek ear.

"It's all right," said Dorothea. "Everything is going to be all right forever and ever. He does love me, and he does want me, and I'm going to him now—this minute. They don't allow dogs in hospitals, so you will have to wait as patiently as you can until I come back.

And a remarkably short time afterward Paul Richard, raising his head from the pillows, saw a vision of girlish loveliness framed in the door of his hospital room. "If you are quite sure you are not an angel and likely to vanish any moment," he said shakily, "will you please come here very quickly—right here into my arms?"

And as the white clad figure rushed across the room Dorothea made her one apology:

"I am quite sure, dear," she faltered, "that I never have been an angel—to you." After a long silence she gently withdrew from the infolding arms to bury her glowing face in a great bowl of fragrant roses.

"It was so good of you," Richard murmured brokenly, so generously forgiving. "You must know that I would have gone to you long ago, Dorothea, had it not been for Bob Mahew. He seemed to be the worthy one—the chosen—but that is all over, dear. And when Tommy Ryan brought your roses here this afternoon and put your card into my hand, why, that one little written sentence was like a magic wand, changing all past suffering into a glorious forever. You would have forgiven the boy, Dorothea, if you could have seen his genuine pleasure."

"'Write an answer now,' he urged, 'and I will take it to her.'

"And so you are here!" Richard laughed. "I'm glad I listened to Tommy that time," he said.

Dorothea stepped back from the roses. Slowly she turned in her hand the accompanying card. It was her own calling card, neatly engraved, while upon the reverse side, in her unmistakable scrawl, was penned the brief message:

Will call to see you later; have missed you.
DOROTHEA.

Back like a flash came her own attitude of the morning. She could feel again the hot blood in her face as she scribbled this message to her father beneath Tommy Ryan's searching gaze. And the roses, these very roses, had been upon the office table then. Dorothea caught her breath sharply. The boy had used her message! Well, Tommy had atoned.

"Did you really miss me?" Richard was asking, with a lover's tender insistence, and Dorothea smiled.

"Miss you?" she said softly. "Miss you? Just ask Tommy Ryan."

TATTERSALL'S IN LONDON.

Romantic Story of the World's Most Famous Horse Market.

The most famous horse mart in the world is Tattersall's in London A romantic history attaches to this establishment.

In 1776 a certain Richard Tattersall, a wool comber of Yorkshire, who had lost his fortune during the Jacobite rebellion, obtained a ninety-nine years lease of a tract of ground in London and thereon built an establishment for the sale of horses and hounds.

Tattersall was on friendly terms with the prince regent. Lord Boling broke and others whose patronage greatly aided the enterprise Such, indeed, was the friendship between the prince and Tattersall that the bust of George on top of the fountain in the sale yard was so placed at the prince's own request.

In due time a huge slice of luck came Tattersall's way Lord Boling broke ran heavily into debt and by way of settlement passed on to Tattersall his famous racer, Highflier, which became the father of three Derby winners The progeny of this horse in eighteen years are said to have won races to the value of no less than £170,000. Tattersall built himself a palatial country residence near Ely, calling it Highflier Hill

Tattersall's came to be the headquarters for the laying of turf wagers. Immense sums were won and lost there The Marquis of Hastings lost more than £100 000 on one race alone, and, it is said not infrequently similar amounts changed hands on "settling days" at "Old Tatt's," or "the Corner," as the place was sometimes called.

All classes of society mingled at Tattersall's Dukes and stable boys were brothers in the excited crowd, prepared to wager on anything and everything This state of things led to such a scandal that upon the expiration of the lease the firm was refused a renewal In its new establishment no betting was permitted.

At the modern Tattersall's some enormous prices for racers are occasionally obtained Flying Fox is said to have been sold to a French owner for 37 500 guineas and Ormonde to an American for 30 000 guineas Here also Scepter as a yearling was sold for 10 000 guineas La Fleche for 12 600 guineas and Flair Athol for only 100 guineas less.—Harper's Weekly.

Some Quaint Hotels.

The hotel that stands out the most prominently in my recollection is one in Iquique, where even while you are sitting at the dining tables, venders come in from the streets to sell you food At this same hotel they have two charges for baths—8 shillings if you insist upon clean water and about 4 shillings if you are willing to take a second turn at the tub.

Another instance of a quaint hotel is in the town of Africa, in Peru. Here they are using at the present time the hull of an old American man-of-war, which was taken inland by a great tidal wave many years ago and has since been fitted up as a hotel and is in great demand.—London Answers

Everlasting Yeast

A yeast that is always ready, in hot weather or cold in town or on the farm may be had if at each baking is saved a small quantity of the bread sponge before any salt has been used To this must be added about one half the same amount of sugar for a preservative I have used the same yeast in this way for two and one-half years now and it is as good as ever Freezing does it no harm No salt should be used If in warm weather it seems to be without life try it with a little flour and water and it will be all right. This makes the finest possible bread.—National Magazine

A Problem He Hadn't Solved

In 1865 there went to Paris a young Belgian named De Groof, who was fully convinced that he had solved the problem of aerial flight. He did not succeed in interesting French experts, but later in England met with some encouragement. Finally, in the presence of a large crowd De Groof made his attempt. His machine was attached to a balloon and after reaching a height of 4000 feet he cut himself loose The machine fell like a stone and crashed down upon the rough pavement of Robert street, Chelsea, with a sickening thud. De Groof was dead.—New York Tribune

The Way They Struck.

A company of Italian laborers engaged in the construction of a railway in Germany had their wages reduced They said nothing, but during the night each of the men cut an inch of the end of his shovel In reply to the foreman who took them to task about it one of them said "Not so much pay, not lift so much earth So much longer last work. Italian not fool like German Italians not strike'"—London Mail.

Another Way to Put It.

"After all," said the moralist, "the almighty dollar is man's greatest enemy It"—

"If that's so" interrupted old Rox ley, "I guess that young wife of mine merely loves me for the enemies I've made."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Discrimination.

'Did you ever tell that young man that late hours were bad for one?' asked the father at the breakfast table

"Well, father," replied the wise daughter, "late hours may be bad for one, but they're all right for two"—Yonkers Statesman

Blot out vain pomp, check impulse, keep reason under its own control.—Marcus Aurelius

The Shortest Way Out of A Difficulty

By JAMES D. ANDREWS

Major MacDonald, as the name indicates, of Scotch descent was every inch a soldier He claimed that army officers should be celibates

But Major MacDonald could not enforce his opinions or their practice upon those under his command While he restricted himself to celibacy, his officers were marrying and raising children and many of the men in the ranks were doing the same thing The consequence was that during several years when his command was located in one place it came to comprise nearly as many women and children as soldiers.

Then came the order to move Even the major was not prepared for the increase of his military family and the herculean task of transporting the living immediately into so much nothing of furniture and baggage The migration was from Fort W to Fort J, and since the command consisted of two companies and each company was allowed but one wagon, it required a dozen trips for both wagons to make the transfer

During the begira the major fumed and stamped and swore that he would rather command a tribe of Indians with a full complement of squaws and papooses for while his own force was loaded down with effects the Indians carried their clothing—when they had any—on their backs His wrath was especially irritating to the wives of his soldiers who considered that they

WELCOMED HIM WITH CHEERS.

had their rights even as part of an army The move was a trying one for all, and they had been some time settled in their new quarters before the garrison resumed its wonted good humor

As soon as the furniture was in position and the trunks boxes and barrels unpacked the officers wives—there were two captains and four lieutenants, all married got together to inspect blank cartridges or empty wards at the major They began by calling him a brute a monster, a devil but finally simmered down to applying no more disagreeable name to him than crusty old bachelor Then the meeting resolved itself into a committee of the whole to express its dissatisfaction at the treatment it had received and take measures against its recurrence

There was one dissenting voice in the clatter of tongues Mrs Captain Ferguson, a good natured, motherly woman, avowed that the major was right, that an army encumbered with women and children would be better equipped with blank cartridges, that the army was no place for them and, being an encumbrance they should bear patiently any scolding the commander chose to give them

A couple of months after the beginning a niece of Mrs Ferguson—Miss Gwendolin Brayling, a young lady of nineteen—came out from the east to visit her aunt. When the major heard of her arrival he sniffed the air ominously The ladies whom Mrs Ferguson had reproved for their strictures on the major at once took notice, wondering how the new impedimenta—as they had come to facetiously style Miss Brayling—would affect the major

'Did you ask permission to have her come?' asked Mrs. Lieutenant Harkness of Mrs Ferguson

"I did not," replied Mrs. Ferguson "I shall take care of her in every respect. She shall be no encumbrance upon the garrison"

'He'll get even with you,' exclaimed Mrs Captain Wetherby, shaking her head ominously

To this Mrs. Ferguson did not deign a reply

Miss Brayling had scarcely had time to make the acquaintance of the ladies of the garrison before she was privately warned by them to keep herself at as safe a distance as possible from the commander

"What'll he do to me?" she asked.

"What'll he do? Why what a question! Don't you know that he considers women a drawback to the command? If there was an article in the "regulations" to cover the case he'd convene a board of survey to condemn every one of us and make a bonfire of us."

"What an awful man"

Now, it happened that Captain Ferguson soon after Miss Brayling's arrival was promoted to be major and assigned to the command of Fort G, 100 miles south of Fort J He had no sooner left the fort his wife children and niece in an ambulance and his effects in an army wagon, than Major MacDonald was heard to say, "There go five clingers and one soldier" There was not a lady at Fort J who did not envy Mrs Ferguson the change but all had at least the satisfaction in her going that they would feel the more freedom in abusing Major MacDonald

About a week after the departure of the Fergusons Major MacDonald received an order from Washington directing him to inspect the army stations in the vicinity and report on their condition Turning over the command to the next officer in rank, he departed with a single orderly and remained away a fortnight

After this the major was continually making inspections remaining away from his command on each tour from a few days to a few weeks His departure was always hailed with delight by the ladies at Fort J and his return was regretted for during his absence they ceased to feel that they were a necessary evil and breathed freely

"I wish" said Mrs Lieutenant Wetherby, "the government would keep him inspecting till he came to the age of retirement."

"And I wish" said Mrs. Lieutenant Gunther, "that some woman would get him load him down with baggage and he'd be ordered to move at five minutes' notice"

One day when the major was off on his fifth tour of inspection Captain Harbison, who was in command of the post, confided to his wife a secret. MacDonald was not going away from his command on inspection duty at all He was simply absenting himself without leave

"You don't mean it? Where does he go?"

"Nobody knows I suspect he may have secret orders to investigate something'

'That's not usual in the army At least in time of peace There's no secret service except in war"

"That's all the explanation I have to give" replied the husband "Be sure not to say a word about what I've told you'

"Of course not" And as soon as the captain left her she went into Mrs Wetherby's quarters and told her the story In half an hour it was known to the wife of every officer of the garrison

The next time Major MacDonald went out on a tour of inspection he took a new uniform with him that he had just received from a New York tailor and a trunk full of other clothing

He had been gone several days when an army wagon was driven into the fort and a considerable load of brand new furniture and a dozen trunks were dumped in front of the major's quarters

The episode occasioned a greater commotion than the sack of a thousand Indians Every woman including the children in the fort stood on the parade and when it the pile and there was a clatter of tongues that would have drowned the post band

I'll tell you what we'll do said Mrs Gunter Let's bring all our empty trunks boxes suit cases and band boxes and put them on the pile'

'Wouldn't it be mutiny?' asked one of the more timid ladies

Mutiny' There's no such thing as mutiny for us We're not in the army Come on!'

Every woman rushed to her quarters and back she and her older children carrying articles to swell the majors pile When it was so high that they must be tossed upward to get them in position it stopped growing, but the impedimenta was enough to drive a quartermaster insane

The next afternoon a smart little wagon was driven into the fort, and who should appear on the back seat but Major MacDonald and Miss Brayling' When the officer saw the pile in front of his quarters his brow darkened for a moment, then he broke into a laugh Several ladies were on the parade who hastened to welcome him back, and he presented his companion to them as Mrs MacDonald

Both the groom and the bride entered into the spirit of the joke that had been perpetrated, and the news spreading that their commander had returned a married man, the garrison poured from their quarters and welcomed him with cheers Then all took hold, separating the additions from the real impedimenta, and carried the latter into the quarters of the bride and groom

In the evening all was ready for a wedding reception, for some of the boxes the groom had sent contained eatables and drinkables, and there was a merry time at Fort J Some one proposed the health of the newly married couple with the words

"May their belongings never diminish"

The major replied, pledging himself thereafter to consider the wives, children, cats, poodles, furniture, trunks, boxes bandboxes, beds, bedding and wearing apparel a part of the paraphernalia of war to be respected accordingly

"You ladies," he added in conclusion, "are indebted to Mrs Ferguson for a happy outcome from your troubles Since my marriage she has confessed that she brought her niece out here with a view to making a married man of me and thus putting me in the same boat with the rest of you."

STING OF A SNAKE

Fiery Ordeal That Follows a Kiss From a Puff Adder.

IT IS ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH.

Dramatic Experience of a Man Who Received the Venom Laden Caress and Yet, in Spite of the Doctor's Verdict, Lived to Tell the Tale.

Not many men are alive to tell what it is like to be bitten by a puff adder, one of the most venomous of snakes. In South Africa, where it is found, its bite is believed to be certain death. Nevertheless F N Streatfield, formerly resident commissioner of Bechuanaland, not only survived the bite of a puff adder, but told his story in the London Field. He had captured the snake, which was three feet and a half long, in South Africa, and was bringing it home confined in an old cartridge box to present to the Regent's park zoo. He says

Somehow or other it became known to my fellow passengers that I had a puff adder in my portmanteau, and they begged to be allowed to see it. For a long time I refused, but at last was overpersuaded and fetched her ladyship.

Taking her out of her box and grasping her close behind her head, I explained to the company the marvelous economy of the poison apparatus. I opened her mouth and displayed the fangs, showed the poison glands and how the muscles that raised the fangs at the same time pressed on the glands and forced the poison through the tiny duct.

Having concluded my lecture, I began to put her ladyship back into her temporary home In getting rid of a poisonous snake you should be sure that no coil is wound round an arm and that its whole body is free Then when you let go your hold your hands should be instantly snatched away out of reach.

When I was in the very act of quitting my hold some one spoke to me, and I have no doubt that I left my hand within reach of the deadly fangs instead of snatching it away I must have turned my head toward the man who spoke to me for I did not see the stroke.

But I felt as if a knife had been sharply drawn across my finger and, looking down, I saw the blood flowing freely and her ladyship out of her box, trying to make her way across the table. I snatched her back by the tail, caught her by the neck again and got her safely into the box

When I was struck there were about twenty men in the room Twenty seconds afterward there was not one. I never saw a room cleared in like time They simply tumbled over each other When the prisoner was again under lock and key the company came slowly back and the doctor appeared

I asked for ammonia. There was none on the ship and so I had to take a great deal of brandy I lanced my finger down to the bone where the snake's fang had made a wound Then I sucked the wound vigorously

I gave my keys and home address to my good friend, W L., who promised to look after me and to carry out my instructions while I remained insensible. Soon after that I became unconscious

I had told L that I should be reported dead but that I should not be, and that if he could get even a few drops of brandy down my throat when my heart failed it would jog on again, and that by and by I should come to It was 10 o'clock when I lay down on the smoking room sofa and became unconscious When I came to again the east was rosy with the morning sun

Several times during the night the doctor told L that I was already dead, and if my friend had not obstinately refused to listen to him and insist on following out my own instructions I should have been sent, wrapped up in a piece of canvas, to the bottom of the sea, some 850 miles north of Madeira.

I never felt so ill or suffered such pain as when I recovered consciousness that morning. I inched from the tip of my finger to my shoulder as if the bone had been redhot iron, and my swollen arm looked like a hard pillow

They carried me to L's bunk and there I lay for twenty four hours Then with the help of a friend's arm I could crawl a few yards. By degrees the pain grew less, and by the time I reached home I had begun to take a little interest in life, but for months I had to be very gentle with myself. I have never since been so strong as I was before and have come to know the meaning of the word 'tired," something I did not know before her ladyship took hold of me

Training a Cow.

T. P's London Weekly relates how Major Miles Malony of Ballyduff was amazed one morning to see from his bedroom window a little lad driving a cow back and forward again and again over a ditch and through a fence on his land Hurriedly completing his toilet, he rushed out to question the little trespasser "What are ye after with that cow? Is it to kill the beast ye want?" "Kill her! Shure, it's to keep her alive I want." "Keep her alive?" "Shure, it's taching her to get her own living I am There isn't a ditch or fince in the barony that'll hold her in afther I've done wid her" Then the major understood The cow, in fact, was being taught to trespass in search of her own living.

Heaven will permit no man to secure happiness by crime.—Alfieri.

A LESSON FROM BASEBALL

Always Save Something For the Time When the Pinch Comes.

In his book, 'Pitching in a Pinch, Christy Mathewson has some good advice to offer to boys who would like to be successful pitchers, and it is not hard to read in his words a lesson of life as well

"Some pitchers," says the veteran, "will put all they have on each ball. That is foolish for two reasons. In the first place, it exhausts the man physically, and when the pinch comes he hasn't the strength to last it out."

The pinch, it may be here interpolated, is what pitchers call the inning that comes in most ball games, on which hangs victory or defeat And when the pinch comes it is a case of the batter's nerve against the pitcher's.

"But, second and more important, it shows the batters everything that he has, which is senseless. A man should always hold something in reserve, a surprise to spring when things get tight. If a man has displayed his whole assortment to the batters in the early part of the game and has used all his speed and his fastest breaking curve, when the crisis comes he has nothing to fall back on.

"Like all youngsters," continues Mr Mathewson reminiscently, "I was eager to make a record during my first year in the big league, and in one of the first games I pitched against Cincinnati I made the mistake of putting all that I had on every ball

"We were playing at the Polo grounds and the Giants had the visitors beaten, 2 to 0, going into the last inning. I had been burning them over, trying to strike out every batter and hadn't held anything in reserve The first man to the bat in the ninth got a single, the next a two bagger, and by the time they had stopped hitting me we had lost the game 4 to 2.

"I was very much down in the mouth over the defeat after I had the game practically won, and George Davis, then manager of the Giants, noticed it.

"'Never mind Matty,' he said, 'it was worth it. The game ought to teach you not to pitch your head off when you don't need to'

"It did" concludes Mr Mathewson "I have never forgotten that lesson.'

JAMMED ON AN ICEBERG.

One of the Most Curious Arctic Experiences on Record.

"This is the most remarkable escape from imminent danger in the whole annals of arctic adventure," said Sir Clements Markham, the explorer, in describing a thrilling incident to illustrate a lecture on icebergs before the Royal Societies club

'It concerned,' he said, 'their steam tender, the Intrepid, commanded by Lieutenant J. B Caton A vast floe drove her against a berg with a frightful crash Destruction seemed certain when the little vessel was seen to rise to the pressure. She was forced forty feet up the side of the iceberg masses of ice from the dashing floe running ten feet above the bulwarks then the piled up mass from the floe sank down leaving the ship suspended on the side of the berg, her only supports to keep her stationary in this dangerous position being two small wedge pieces one at the stern post and the other at the bow She was in imminent danger of falling over on her broadside from that height.

'The boats had been got out, but they were smashed to pieces by the ice Three times the ice floes pressed against the berg, and with the boats gone, the loss of the ship would have entailed that of all on board. Suddenly the pressure eased off and the Intrepid was launched into the sea from her lofty position without injury Lieutenant Caton and others had walked under her keel while she was thus suspended on the side of the iceberg"—London Chronicle

He Was Very Economical

James Tyson the richest man Australia ever produced, although lord of £5,000,000, remained a simple bushman to his last day A shabby suit of cheap ready made clothes was his only wear, and a boot lace formed the guard of a silver watch which, as a young man, he had bought for a sovereign He ate the same fare as his own laborers, and it was his boast that he had never entered a theater or tasted intoxicants of any kind that he had never used soap—he preferred sand—nor worn a white shirt or a glove

Antiquity of Chairs.

Chairs were in use in Egypt so long ago as 3399 B. C. The Chinese employed them from about 1300 B C. In India they were used and are mentioned as dating from 1100 B. C. House chairs with backs were in use in India A. D 300 They are known to have been employed in Rome so early as A. D 70, being mentioned by Pliny at that date. Chairs with foot rests were used in Rome A. D 150

A Paragon of Patience.

"He's the most patient man I ever knew"

"That so?"

"Yes, he can even herd a bunch of people together to have a group picture taken without losing his temper."—Detroit Free Press.

Slow.

He—Why do you call Mrs. Flash slow? She—Why, it has taken her forty-five years to reach the age of thirty.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Becoming Diffidence.

"Weren't you shy when the judge asked you your age in court?"

"Yes; I was about ten years shy, my dear."—Life.

UNCONSCIOUS COUNTING.

Train the Mind to Number Grouped Objects at a Glance.

It has always formed a part of the professional conjurer's education to acquire the power of making instant mental note of many objects. A German advocate of the theory that every one should cultivate some similar system of counting has suggested that the ability of most persons of distinguishing from three to five objects at a glance may be so perfected that the mind will find it possible to take note of at least thirty articles in the same length of time This authority, Prayer, has declared that he can count thirty objects of the same kind as easily as other persons can count three or four

Apart from such usefulness as this acquired power may impart, the method of teaching it is of interest. The test of one's ability in counting is easily made by placing several small objects, such as pins or coins, under a sheet of paper and then lifting the paper so that one may glance at the articles and give an immediate guess as to their number

At first the eye finds it possible to distinguish only three or four objects, but practice soon enables the experimenter to manage any under ten with facility Above that number the process becomes more difficult. Conscious counting is not permitted. The articles must be merely "valued"

To perfect oneself in this practice black spots, forming various geometrical figures, may be made upon squares of white cardboard, the number being gradually increased and the positions altered.

It is said that the sensation of a person practiced in unconscious counting when looking attentively at large numbers of objects is that their number "shoots rapidly through the head."—Philadelphia Record.

SAVAGES OF ECUADOR.

The Jibaros Gave One Spaniard Governor His Fill of Gold.

If you are looking for a real wild Indian seek the Jibaro Perhaps you never heard of him but you should, for he is the wildest, most savage and uncultured type of redskin who thrives today War and the Jibaro are synonymous No other Indian tribe in history has so determinedly and successfully resisted efforts to conquer it as this tribe of the Jibaro

Today the Jibaro, 15 000 strong, rule supreme over the vast forest regions of Ecuador between the Santiago and Patnso rivers and southward to the Amazon It is one of the most picturesque and primitive of all surviving tribes of redskins. Once when partly subjugated to Spanish rule they were goaded to rebellion by enforced labor in the mines of their taskmasters and marched 20,000 strong into the stronghold of their enemy and in one night completely annihilated the 12,000 inhabitants. As an example of their savagery they killed the governor by pouring molten gold down his throat in order that he might have his fill of gold

Their tactics are still pursued, and the Jibaro is little molested War is their normal condition their favorite weapon being the lance, the javelin and the blow gun with poisoned arrows which have served them with deadly efficiency

Little is known of their religious or mythological beliefs There are about 1,400 Jibaros who are Christians but few of these are of the full blooded type and are scorned by the majority of the tribe. Missionaries say the Jibaros will never break from ancient customs.—Catholic Encyclopedia.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

Do Not Forget
STRONG
when you need those new.
MANTLES AND GLOBES
after housecleaning.
I carry everything in that line at all prices.
E. W. STRONG

Wrongly Labeled.

The author of "Two Years in the Forbidden City," the Princess Der Ling, was a lady in waiting at the court of the famous empress dowager of China. Her majesty, the princess tells us, had an excellent estimate of herself. "I have often thought," she once confessed, "that I am the most clever woman that ever lived and that others cannot compare with me."

Notwithstanding this favorable opinion, there were interesting lapses in universal knowledge, as when Miss Carl painted her portrait, and her majesty noticed the artist's signature in the corner of the canvas.

"Well, I know foreigners do some funny things," she remarked, "but I think this is about the funniest I ever heard of. Fancy putting her name on my picture. This will naturally convey the impression that it is a portrait of Miss Carl and not a portrait of myself at all."

Even after the princess—who was of western education—had explained, and the empress had consented to allow the signature to remain, she was anything but satisfied.

Don't Be Too Expert.

Having graduated from a business college with honors, the young man thought himself competent to tackle any problem in banking that could be learned without actual experience, but the old clerk knew better.

"Can you make an erasure so neatly that it would take an expert to tell where it had been done?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the young man, with conscious pride.

"Well, for heaven's sake don't tell your prospective employer so or you will be looking for a job this time next year," the old clerk said.

"Employers are afraid of too much skill in that direction. It gives such enormous opportunities for fraud that they will fight shy of hiring you.

"I found that out in my young days. I also was an expert with the ink eraser and proudly proclaimed my accomplishment. Finally when I found myself toeing the starvation mark I ceased to boast and have held a good position ever since."—New York Times.

Advertising Brought Up to Date.

The president of a Pittsburgh savings bank called in his advertising man one morning and said:

"What this institution wants is some striking advertising material, something that has a thought in it, something that will catch the eye and command the mind. Fix me up an ad. that will make a hit when it is published in the morning papers."

Two hours later the advertising man laid this on the bank president's desk:

"If Elijah were living today there would be no ravens to feed him. That brand of raven has gone to roost for ever.

"The only bird that will feed you now is the eagle on the American dollar. Catch the eagles. Save the dollars. If you do you and your family will never starve. You will have Elijah backed off the boards."—Popular Magazine.

No Answer Handy.

This is only worth the telling, writes a correspondent, because it contains a retort which, though a triumph of inconsequence, seems to me quite unanswerable. I happened to be reading some obvious newspaper proofs in a train when the good natured man next to me, with the intention no doubt of making himself agreeable, asked, "Ah, are you connected with the press?" I intimated briefly and perhaps not overcourteously that it was none of his business. He persisted that it was a quite civil inquiry, which I met with the remark that I had not asked him whether he was a clerk or a shop assistant. As he was obviously neither, this nettled him. "If I knew," he said, "what newspaper you belong to I would never buy it again."—London Chronicle.

Thackeray and Dickens.

This is the way George Henry Lewes once characterized Thackeray and Dickens in the way of service to a friend: Dickens, he said, would not give you a farthing of money, but he would take no end of trouble for you. He would spend a whole day, for instance, in looking for the most suitable lodgings for you and would spare himself neither time nor fatigue. Thackeray would take two hours' grumbling indecision and hesitation in writing a two line testimonial, but he would put his hand into his pocket and give you a handful of gold and bank notes if you wanted them.

Bonus.

"Bonus" ought to be "bonum," since it is evidently intended to mean "a good thing" and therefore should be neuter, not masculine. The word is found as early as 1773, but no one knows who was the ignorant or willful sinner against Latin that introduced it, though conjecture assigns it to the London Stock Exchange.

Tidy.

"Is Spooney's wife a good housekeeper?"

"Well, I should say so. Why, he has to keep a private detective to watch his clothes so he can tell where to find them. She's so tidy."—Liverpool Mercury.

Strategy.

Tommy — Pop, what is strategy? Tommy's Pop—Strategy, my son, consists of finding out our neighbor's weakness before he finds out ours.—Philadelphia Record.

No one loves the man whom he fears.—Aristotle.

American Restaurants.

What disconcerts the European in the great American restaurant is the excessive, the occasionally maddening slowness of the service and the lack of interest in the service. Touching the latter defect, the waiter is not impolite; he is not neglectful. But he is too often genuinely hostile or at best neutral. He or his chief has apparently not grasped the fact that buying a meal is not like buying a ton of coal. If the purchaser is to get value for his money he must enjoy his meal, and if he is to enjoy the meal it must not merely be efficiently served, but it must be efficiently served in a sympathetic atmosphere. The supreme business of a good waiter is to create this atmosphere.—Arnold Bennett in Harper's.

An English Bellman.

Some occupations attain importance simply by surviving. The bellman was not held in much esteem when he was really useful, but now in such places as he still pursues his "calling" he is quite a personage. In one fashionable west country health resort the bellman goes around in a smart uniform, mounted on a pony and when he has cried his news, generally offers of reward for lost property, delivers a discourse to his hearers concerning himself as the only mounted bellman in England and then produces picture post cards with his photograph, which seem to have a ready sale.—London Standard.

Sneezing.

Sneezing is the best brain cleaner known. Many persons conclude an attack of faintness or fainting with a violent sneeze. Our ancestors took snuff from a belief in the efficacy of sneezing. But tobacco so taken is in part absorbed into the blood and hurts the system. Tickling the nostrils with a feather or straw will act as well as taking snuff. Try it when you feel faint. It cannot do harm.

BLOW YOURSELF

to a new Victrola—we have some beauties foa $50.00—If you do not like Victrolai, we will sell you sometning you do like, in fact anything that sounds or looks like music—even a piano.

The most attractive featuaes about our merchandise are our Prices and quality.

TWO GOOD THINGS—Your money—our goods; let's swap.

BURDICK'S MUSIC STORE,

SIDNEY A. BURDICK, Mgr.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

Letters of Administrations on the Estate of J. H. Biever, late of the borough of Smethport, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them to the undersigned, properly authenticated, for settlement.

FRED H. BIEVER, Adm.
Ang.22-6t Smethport, Pa

NOTICE OF SPECIAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PITTSBURGH AND WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given of the special meeting of the stockholders of the Pittsburgh and Western Railroad Company, to be held at the office of the Company, Smithfield and Water streets, Pittsburgh, Pa., upon Wednesday, September 25, 1912, at 10:45 o'clock a. m., to take action for or against the proposed merger and consolidation of the Pittsburgh and Western Railroad Company and the Ellwood Short Line Railroad Company, upon the terms of the agreement then to be submitted to the stockholders of the Pittsburgh and Western Railroad Company.

C. W. WOOLFORD,
Secretary.
September 3, 1912.-2t

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean county, Pennsylvania, dated July 25, 1912, and to me directed, there will be sold for the payment of debts, at public sale in the corridor of the Court House, of McKean county, located in the Borough of Smethport, McKean county, Pennsylvania, on the third day of October, A. D. 1912, at two o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, late of John F. Rooney, deceased, to-wit:

No. 1. ALL that certain piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the township of Hamilton, county of McKean, state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a point in the south line of land formerly of Lorenzo D. Cotton, 117 7-9 rods each of the west line of Wt. 5556; thence east along said Cotton's southern line a distance of about 147 2-9 rods to the center of said Warrant; thence southwardly along the center of said Warrant a distance of 198 rods; thence westwardly a distance of about 147 2-9 rods, thence southwardly parallel with the said center line a distance of 136 rods to the place of beginning, containing 175 acres, more or less, and being part of Warrant 5556, excepting therefrom 50 acres conveyed by said John F. Rooney to John E. Mullin by quit-claim deed dated April 1, 1898, and recorded in D. B. Vol. 113, page 396, said 175 acres having been conveyed to John F. Rooney by the Commissioners of McKean county by Deed dated November 11, 1896, and recorded in D. B. Vol. 91, page 559, etc., on November 25, 1896.

No. 2. ALL that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Keating, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a post in the road in the west line of lot No. 3 of the allotment of the Bingham lands in said township of Keating, known as the Griswold lot; thence north 148.4 perches to a sugar tree corner; thence west 100 perches to a maple tree corner; thence south 64.8 perches to a Hemlock and south 81 perches to the public road; thence by the road to the place of beginning, containing 36.7 acres, more or less, and being part of lot No. 4 of the allotment of the Bingham lands in said township and part of Wt. No. 5556, and being the same land conveyed to John Rooney by Isabella Chadwick, executrix of the last will and testament of E. Chadwick.

ALSO all that piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the township of Keating, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the center of the public highway, leading from Smethport to Alton, said point standing west 66 rods from the southeast corner of lot owned by Freeman Chadwick lot No. 3; thence north 98.7 rods to the south side of the right of way of the Smethport Railroad; thence along said right of way westerly to the east line of the John Rooney Farm lot No. 4; thence along said east line south 91 rods to the center of the aforesaid road; thence along the center of said road east 30 rods to the place of beginning, containing 20.38 acres strict measure, being part of lot No. 3, Wt. No. 5556. Same land conveyed to John F. Rooney by John E. Chadwick and wife by deed dated June 11, 1903, and recorded in D. B. Vol. 131, page 37, etc., on Dec. 1, 1904.

No. 3. All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Smethport, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post standing 72 ft. west from the northeast corner of square No. 38, the northwest corner of land conveyed by Robert Klug and wife to Michael Kraey; thence south 153½ ft. to a post the southwest corner of same; thence by the north line of the alley west 30 feet to the corner of land contracted to E. V. Chadwick; thence north 115½ feet to a post the southeast corner of same; thence east 30 feet to the place of beginning, containing 12 square perches of land be the same more or less, and being part of lot No. 3 in square No. 32, being the same land conveyed to John F. Rooney by William J. Colegrove and wife and Burg Chadwick and wife by deed dated Jan. 12, 1892, and recorded Jan. 27, 1892, in D. B. Vol. 96, page 97, etc. The land last above described being subject to an agreement entered into by the said John F. Rooney with Burg Chadwick dated March 14, 1884, wherein a strip of land one and one-half rest wide on the west side of the lot last above described and extending to the alley in the rear of said lot; by the terms of which agreement the said one and one-half feet should be used in common with a similar strip of one and one-half feet on the east side of the lot immediately west of the one above described and shall be used as a passage way from Main street to the alley in the rear of said lots.

No. 4. An undivided one-fifth interest in two certain articles of agreement or leases for oil and gas purposes made and executed on the 5th day of Sept., 1907, by Elihu S. Kline, as party of the first part, and M. S. Geary as party of the second part, the interest of the said M. S. Geary in the said Articles of Agreement or leases having been assigned to Charles McKean, as trustee for John Rooney, M. W. Hohnlein, Charles McKean, William H. Hungerford and M. S. Geary, by indenture dated October 26, 1907, on lands in the township of Lafayette, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

FIRST: A part of lot No. 7 of Wt. 2246, beginning at a stone set for the southwest corner of lot No. 8; thence by the north line of lot No. 10 south 89 degrees 45 minutes west 750 feet and by the north line of lot No. 9 on same course, a further distance of 341 feet, a total distance of 1291 feet to a stone corner; thence by line running N. 1 degree 45 minutes west 2310 feet, more or less to the north line of the Ritterville Road to a stone corner; thence north 88 degrees 15 minutes west 820.5 feet to a stone post on the bank of ditch at south side of Ritterville Road; thence by land of Mrs. Harder south 1 degree 45 minutes east 473.2 feet to a stone corner; by land of Mrs. Harder south 1 degree 45 minutes east 473.2 feet to a stone corner; thence north 88 degrees 15 minutes east 473.2 feet to stone corner; thence by west boundary of lot No. 9 south 1 degree 45 minutes east 2100 feet to the place of beginning containing 71.26 acres more or less.

SECOND: Being the north half of lot No. 8 of Wt. No. 2246, beginning at a post in the west boundary of lands late of the Bingham Estate 1200 feet north of the northeast corner of lot No. 11 near the Cherry's Spring House; and running thence south 89 degrees 30 minutes west 1040 feet to a post; thence by lot No. 7 north 1 degree 45 minutes west 1250 to a post and stones, the northeast corner of lands of Mrs. Hurdle, being likewise the northeast corner of lot No. 7; thence by land now or late of the Hazlewood Oil Co. eastward about 1080; thence by land of the Bingham Estate southwardly about 1250 feet to the place of beginning, containing 31.5 acres more or less. Together with a like one-fifth interest in all the oil and gas wells, engines, boilers, tanks, rigs, machinery, tools, fittings and fixtures to the same belonging.

Terms of sale, cash on confirmation of sales and delivery of deeds.

M. S. GEARY.
GALLUP & SHATTUCK, Administrator
Attys. for Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 4, 1912-3t.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to article nine, section four, of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, authorizing the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the improvement of the highways of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section four of article nine, which reads as follows:

"Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiency in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars," be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, supress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiencies in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars. Provided, however, That the General Assembly, irrespective of any debt, may authorize the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the purpose of improving and rebuilding the highways of the Commonwealth.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section seven, article three, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, so as to permit special legislation regulating labor.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment to Article Three, Section Seven.

Section 2. Amend section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension, or impairing of liens:

"Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

"Changing the names of persons or places:

"Changing the venue incivil or criminal cases:

"Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

"Relating to ferries or bridges, of incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

"Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

"Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

"Authorizing the adoption or legitimating of children:

"Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties, or changing county lines:

"Incorporating cities, towns or villages, or changing their charters:

"For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing, or changing the place of voting:

"Granting divorces:

"Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits or school districts:

"Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election and school districts:

"Changing the law of descent or succession:

"Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before bourts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcement of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

"Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

"Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

"Fixing the rate of interest:

"Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

"Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

"Exempting property from taxation:

"Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing:

"Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

"Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association or individual the right to lay down a railroad track.

"Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

"Nor shall any law be passed granting powers and privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for," so as to read as follows:—

Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension or impairing of liens:

Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

Changing the names of persons or places:

Changing of venue in civil or criminal cases:

Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

Authorizing the adoption, or legitimation of children:

Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties, or changing county lines:

Incorporating cities, towns or villages, by changing their charters:

For the opening, and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

Granting divorces:

Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits or school districts.

Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

Changing the law of descent or succession:

Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for that purpose:

Fixing the rate of interest:

Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

Exempting property from taxation:

Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing; but the legislature may regulate and fix the wages or salaries, the hours of work or labor, and make provision for the protection, welfare and safety or persons employed by the State, or by any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village, or other civil division of the State, or by any contractor or sub-contractor performing work, labor or services for the State, or for any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village or other civil division thereof:

Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

Nor shall any law be passed granting powers or privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.
A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section three of article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (if the Senate concur), That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section three of article eight, which reads as follows: "All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All the elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for the county, city, ward, borough and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day; two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall always be held in an odd-numbered year," so as to read:

Section 3. All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall be held in an odd-numbered year: Provided further, That all judges for the courts of the several judicial districts holding office at the present time, whose terms of office may end in an odd-numbered year, shall continue to hold their offices until the first Monday of January in the next succeeding even-numbered year.

A true copy of Concurrent Resolution No. 3.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, relating to taxation.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"All taxes shall be uniform, upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity," so as to read as follows:

All taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws, and the subjects of taxation may be classified for the purpose of laying graded or progressive taxes, but the General Assembly may, by general law, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Five.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

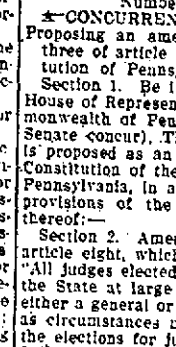
Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:

Article IX.

Section 15. No obligations which have been heretofore issued, or which may hereafter be issued, by any county or municipality, other than Philadelphia, to provide for the construction or acquisition of waterworks, subways, under-ground railways or street railways, or the appurtenances thereof, shall be considered as a debt of a municipality, within the meaning of section eight of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania or of this amendment, if the net revenue derived from said property for a period of five years, either before or after the acquisition thereof, or, where the same is constructed by the county or municipality, after the completion thereof, shall have been sufficient to pay interest and sinking-fund charges during said period upon said obligations, or if the said obligations shall be secured by liens upon the respective properties, and shall impose no municipal liability. Where municipalities of counties shall issue obligations to provide for the construction of property, as herein provided, said municipalities or counties may also issue obligations to provide for the interest and sinking-fund charges accruing thereon until said properties shall have been completed and in operation for a period of one year; and said municipalities and counties shall not be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges, as required by section ten of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, until after said properties shall have been operated by said counties of municipalities during said period of one year. Any of the said municipalities or counties may incur indebtedness in excess of seven per centum, and not exceeding ten per centum, of the assessed valuation of the taxable property therein, if said increase of indebtedness shall have been assented to by three-fifths of the electors voting at a public election, in such manner as shall be provided by law.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 5.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.



WANTED—A RIDER AGENT

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offer to rider agents.*

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue. Fully low prices we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are furnished with $1.50 profit above factory cost.

BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices.

Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, simple wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the regular retail prices.*

$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires

A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY 4.80

The regular retail price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but to introduce our [illegible] *will make a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day received.*

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

MAILED, Tacks, or Glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than given by several layers of fabric, specially prepared rubber on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented. [illegible] will allow a cash discount of 2 per cent (thereby making the price $4.80 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and exchange tires if they do not suit. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned to us at our expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want to send you a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B", and "B" also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make. EASY RIDING.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and sizes of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.